

JUNE 12, 1943

# AMERICA

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DETROIT

## LEND-LEASE POLICY AS CREATIVE POWER

Robert C. Hartnett

## WHY DOESN'T GOD STOP THE WAR?

Charles Keenan

## CANADA'S HEALTH INSURANCE

E. L. Chicanot

## TOMORROW'S PLASTICS

Orlando A. Battista

## COMMENCEMENT REVERIE

William A. Donaghy

PAULA  
KURTH

JOHN  
LA FARGE

ANNABEL  
COMFORT

ELIZABETH  
JORDAN

MARY  
SHERIDAN

JOHN A.  
TOOMEY

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXIX

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## NOTICE

In the course of the next few weeks, our friends and subscribers will be receiving a letter signed by the President of the America Press. We take this method of calling the letter to your attention, in advance of receipt.

The letter is an expression of deep gratitude to our friends and subscribers for their financial aid during the past year. No further appeal for funds is being made this year. America, through the help of friends and subscribers, will be able to meet obligations.

It is a letter, however, that seeks an answer from each friend and subscriber. The answer will require a little thought and some labor. Should the answers be favorable, the number of friends and subscribers to America would be doubled or tripled.

Your answer will be a great benefaction to the cause of America and the Church in the United States. We beg for your zeal and your enthusiastic cooperation.

## APOLOGY

During the past few months, we have received complaints that renewal notices for America have not been received, that America suddenly ceases to reach subscribers. We regret very much that adequate notice for renewals of some subscriptions has not been given. The cause has been traced to that of changing personnel—experienced workers leaving for war positions, new workers not yet fully instructed. Increased vigilance, we trust, will make sure that our subscribers receive the regular notice that their subscriptions are due for renewal.

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. Executive Editor: JOHN LAFARGE.  
Associate Editors: HAROLD C. GARDINER, J. GERARD MEARS,  
BENJAMIN L. MASSE, W. EUGENE SHIELDS, CHARLES KEENAN.

### Contributing Editors:

WILFRID PARSONS, WILLIAM A. DONAGHY.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 25.  
President, America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. Treas.: DANIEL M. O'CONNELL.

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# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 12, 1943

### THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	253
Underscorings .....	255
The Nation at War.....Col. Conrad H. Lanza	256
Washington Front.....Wilfrid Parsons	256
ARTICLES	
The Lend-Lease Policy as a Creative Power.....Robert C. Hartnett	257
Why Doesn't God Stop the War? .....	259
Health Insurance in Canada.....E. L. Chicanot	261
Plastics Will Remold Tomorrow's World.....Orlando A. Battista	263
Speaking a Piece—for Humanity.....William A. Donaghy	264
No More Servants.....J. L. F.	265
EDITORIALS .....	266
The Mass Murder of Jews . . . Wartime Education . . . From War to Peace . . . Labor Unrest . . . Save the Children . . . Facing the Inquisitor.	
LITERATURE AND ARTS.....	269
Catholic Action in the Library.....Paula Kurth	
BOOKS .....	271
U. S. Foreign Policy.....Benjamin L. Masse	
The Latin American Policy of the United States.....W. Eugene Shiels	
We Can Win This War.....Nathaniel W. Hicks	
MUSIC.....	275
THEATRE .....	275
FILMS .....	275
CORRESPONDENCE .....	280
PARADE .....	280

## WHO'S WHO

ROBERT C. HARTNETT, S.J., asks the American public to consider the terms and values in which the final accounting of Lend-Lease must be made if the mistakes of the last postwar period are to be avoided. Father Hartnett is engaged in graduate work in the department of political and social sciences at Fordham University. . . . CHARLES KEENAN propounds the first of all the freedoms—freedom of will—in answer to the often-asked question "Why does God not stop the War?" Father Keenan is a native of Belfast, and has studied Philosophy at Gonzaga, Spokane, Wash., and Theology at Alma College, Alma, Cal. . . . E. L. CHICANOT, an old-time AMERICA contributor who has been too long absent from our pages, is English by birth and education, but has lived in Canada since 1910. His discussion of the need for health insurance in Canada, and its development, is based on first-hand familiarity with conditions in both the cities and homestead districts. Mr. Chicanot is editor of a medical-economics magazine. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, research chemist with the American Viscose Corporation, Wilmington, Del., presents the school and home of tomorrow in the plastic world of tomorrow. . . . If you are booked to attend one or more commencement exercises soon, and find the amateur talent short of inspiring, read what WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, of the AMERICA staff, found on the credit side of the educational ledger. . . . REV. JOHN LAFARGE, the Executive Editor, discusses efficiency experts and the Mass. . . . PAULA KURTH reports on one Catholic library that is doing a fine job of Catholic Action. There are hundreds more. Miss Kurth's writings include a series of books on the missions; her critical articles have appeared in AMERICA before.

# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

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**Coal Miners and the President.** The President's proclamation of June 4, depriving of draft deferment coal miners found still striking on June 7, put the final touch on his decision. On the previous day, he had ordered them to return to work and reminded them they were "working for the Government on essential war work." By this very act, in view of all the circumstances, the President was confirming his pledge, expressed on June 3, to see that a fair adjustment in the matter of wages and living costs would be reached. Where this final turn of events left the defiant John L. Lewis, remained to be seen. If the miners, obeying Mr. Lewis' direction, comply with the President's orders, they will undoubtedly find themselves in a position of immense moral strength. No case is stronger, in the long run, than that of the citizen who is willing to bear even with a grievous injustice for the sake of his country's defense; so long as he retains his power of protest. Non-compliance would simply rob them of that moral advantage, while it would gain little or nothing more for their cause than what has already been achieved. Since we assume their full compliance, we also assume this pledge will be fully redeemed.

**Mobilization for War.** The creation of the Office of War Mobilization is a welcome if belated recognition of the realities of total war. While the individual remains an essential factor in modern warfare, he has become more dependent than ever before on the complicated and expensive equipment which men have devised to maim and kill their fellow men. Other things being equal, this war will be won by the side whose domestic economy produces the most planes, tanks, ships and guns. Related to this truth is another one, equally important: a modern economy cannot function at its highest efficiency unless it is subject to overall, centralized control. The Axis Powers realized this ten years ago when they began to prepare for war. After bitter experience and near disaster, the British were forced to admit the same unwelcome fact. Now it is our turn. According to the terms of the President's order, the OWM will have absolute control over all non-military agencies. It will develop programs and set policies looking to the maximum use of the nation's resources of materials and manpower. It will settle all conflicts which may arise among the many different war agencies, with the exception of those which concern prices and wages. It will, in a word, unify, coordinate, streamline all the activities of Federal Agencies now dealing with production, procurement, distribution and transportation of military and civilian supplies. To direct this powerful agency, the President has shifted James F. Byrnes from the Office of Economic Stabilization, replacing him in that position by Judge

Fred M. Vinson, of Kentucky. To serve under Mr. Byrnes, he has designated the heads of five key departments—the Director of Economic Stabilization, the Secretaries of War and Navy, the Chairmen of the Munitions Assignments Board and the War Production Board. From time to time the heads of other agencies will be called in for consultation. The result is, if not an economic High Command, something very close to it. Whether another reorganization will eventually be needed depends now on the manner in which OWM uses its unparalleled authority over the national economy.

**Tolan Committee.** The designation of Mr. Byrnes as czar of all czars, and the establishment of another alphabetical agency to end all alphabetical agencies, is a long overdue acknowledgment of the excellent work of one of the most efficient Congressional Committees within recent memory. Originally established by the House to investigate defense migration, the Tolan Committee soon realized that the chaotic conditions it encountered were inextricably connected with the procurement policies of the armed services, the decisions of the old OPM, the work of the War Manpower Commission and the Office of Price Administration. It pointed out that housing and manpower were necessarily linked with the size of the armed forces and the letting of war contracts. It found, for instance, that war contracts had piled up in regions where critical shortages of housing and manpower existed; that other regions had a surplus of both but little or no war work; that the problem of industrial and agricultural manpower was evidently being bungled, because it had not been coordinated with the plans of the military; that the facilities of small business had been ignored; that, in short, there existed no overall plan for mobilizing our resources. It warned of impending breakdowns, of conflicts between competing war agencies; and its warnings have all proved well founded. As a result of its criticisms, OPM eventually became the War Production Board; the United States Employment Service and Selective Service were placed under the War Manpower Commission. Now the solution it proposed months ago—an Office of War Mobilization—has been adopted in its main lines by the President. OWM stands, therefore, as a tribute to the Tolan Committee. Yet, by one of those exasperating ironies characteristic of Washington at its worst, the Tolan Committee has up till now been denied funds by the new Congress to continue its constructive work. At the moment of its greatest triumph, it remains stalemated for reasons which cannot stand the hot light of publicity. What is holding up an appropriation for the Tolan Committee? The House leadership owes the country an explanation, and the country is waiting for it.



**Reunion in Algiers.** One would like to be completely optimistic about the formation in Algiers of the so-called executive committee of seven in order to govern the affairs of the French Empire. One would like to breathe a great sigh of relief at seeing, at least on paper, the two great rivals, General de Gaulle and General Giraud, exerting their powers, as members of this committee, on a parity. The sighs so far, however, are emitted at finding: first, that the existence and competence even of the executive committee are not entirely assured; that the contact between the two leaders, while devoid of personal friction, is not leading to peace between their followers. General de Gaulle is tremendously conscious, to all appearances, that he is a walking symbol of the liberation of France, and thus commands an immense emotional recognition. General Giraud, on the other hand, the "only lend-lease customer making cash payments," is a jealous custodian of the right of every patriotic Frenchman not to be tagged with the hateful name of collaborationist, until and unless the evidence is overwhelmingly present for the same.

**Prerequisites for Unity.** The peculiar difficulty in this present dispute is that it has to be settled upon territory which, at the present time, is subject to the Allied Governments, yet which, both contestants assume, will one day again be part, as it was, of independent and sovereign France. A further difficulty is that no others but Frenchmen have succeeded in pacifying the domestic contentions of Frenchmen, and, in all probability, no others ever will. Certainly there is nothing strange about that. The ultimate test in the conflict will be that which reveals which of the two elements is really, genuinely seeking the common good of the nation; as compared with those whose primary quest, despite all protestations to the contrary, is personal glory and (in a narrow sense) political power. Time will make its own decision, of course, for the future record; but the practical decision must be made for the present crisis by the people of France itself. The one platform on which complete accord with all concerned would seem to be obtainable would contain the two simple planks: clear the Germans out of France, bag and baggage; and let France decide which men or groups of men are working in reality for the country's better interest. If the Algiers contestants will give indications they are capable of making such a decision, it will smooth the path for the Allies in adopting a healthy policy of non-intervention.

**Curfew for Children.** Out of the heart of America comes an editorial deploring the conduct of roaming children after nightfall. Probation officers are said to favor enactment of a curfew law. The editor continues: "Of course those acquainted with conditions know that there are many other prevailing evils creating juvenile delinquency which should not be permitted to exist." But, he adds, "a revolution in the conduct of youngsters cannot be effected overnight." *Ergo*, a curfew law. Yet if the children had a voice, what might they not say? They have

a right to parental care and guidance. Like those of a former generation, they are not naturally bad, but the carelessness of their elders is the one reason why they follow "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." If law is needed, the law had better urge parents to fulfil their first obligation, which is to watch over their very own and priceless possessions. Possibly newspaper campaigns could put on a Liberty Drive for the stirring of parental hearts to their best service to their homes and to America. Children rarely surpass the ideals and conduct of their forebears. A revolution, if needed, should start there.

**Catholic Higher Education.** No finer commendation has ever come to our Catholic institutions of higher learning than the Army selections of colleges and universities as sites for advanced training of the specialized groups of soldiers. Some 150,000 picked service men are at present, or soon will be, pursuing advanced studies in medicine, dentistry, veterinary science, engineering, foreign-area and language study, personnel psychology and basic air and ground work. All five of our medical schools have been chosen for contracts with the Army; four of the seven dental schools are similarly approved. Three engineering schools, and a considerable number of basic-course schools, enjoy the same rating. Evidently our administrators, faculties and supporting public have been judged satisfactory. At the same time, they cannot fail to note certain fields in which our curricula await further development, fields in which further progress in public service is desirable. Such would surely be the reflections of the Fathers of our famous Baltimore Councils, were they alive today to see the fruition of their dreams and plans of the last century.

**Know Your World.** "There just isn't anything very significant to be said about a lot of water flowing a lot of miles." This self-revelation occurred in the daily book-review columns of the austere and elegant *New York Times*, the dictum of an apparent Olympian of the books. We hurry to say that he is merely the second fiddle. The "lot of water" in question is the amazing River Amazon, whose life history just came off the press. Grief strikes the sad soul in such a depreciation of geography. Of course, its facts are generally tiny in themselves, but if we know them we know where people live, and perhaps how they live, not unlikely how they have lived. If we do not know them, we miss the most significant thing about our earth, and that is the life of man. And we miss something significant about ourselves, namely, that we may be boastful bluffers without ever realizing our inheritance from the American frontier—a piece of geography whose acquaintance might surprise, but not injure, the insouciant hauteur of the otherwise honest, confident American. As a people, we certainly do not know geography and, until we learn it, we speak as children in a grown-up world.

**Ambassadors South.** Five hundred American Catholic soldiers knelt at Mass one Sunday not long ago,



in a nameless country to the South of us. Many of them received Holy Communion. The local Bishop, a guest of their spiritual guide, was so inspired at the sight of this manly religious action that he could not resist the impulse to deliver before them a spirited sermon (in Spanish). He praised them for manifesting to his flock the virile, active Catholicism of Americans. One of the leading citizens of the land, a witness to the occasion, made this remark off the record:

If Washington would send missionaries of the Catholic Faith as ambassadors of good will, instead of money-mad and sales-crazy morons, our knowledge of and love for the United States would be infinitely deeper and more extensive.

This citizen can speak our language. His talk is blunt; yet of its authentic value there can be no question. We have a most attractive opportunity of winning friends in Latin America. Here is one grand way to do it.

**Protest on Negro.** In a resolution announced June 1, the Northeastern Clergy Conference on Negro Welfare, a group of Catholic priests interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the American Negro, called upon President Roosevelt, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy, to put an end to the rampant discriminations practised against Negroes in various branches of the armed services. Among the twenty-seven signers were the Most Rev. William A. Griffin, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.; the Rev. Raymond J. Campion, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Lambert Dunne, O.S.B., of Newark, N. J.; the Very Rev. Francis B. Humel, Provincial of the Eastern Province of the Society of the Divine Word; the Rt. Rev. Thomas U. Reilly, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Trenton. "Jim-Crowism" prevalent in camps and refusal of food and services to Negro soldiers and sailors by restaurateurs were particularly mentioned.

**Human Resources.** We hear again, as we have so often, that we are becoming a nation of oldsters. This time the warning comes from the National Resources Planning Board, in a sober statement that our shrinking production of children will not be sufficient to offset the casualties of war. Hence, the report goes on to recommend that the conservation of human resources be taken as an imperative national task. Accidents, illness, malnutrition and "other forms of preventable waste" have to be planned against. Now, we certainly favor the preservation of our human resources; but the first step in the preservation is to *have* humans to preserve. We wish the Board had put its finger on the unpatriotic business of Planned Parenthood, for there is precisely the great waste of human resources. The moral argument against birth control has little effect in many circles; perhaps the patriotic argument may sink in. With our science, our medicine, our living standards, we can preserve our children—but first the birth-controllers must allow us to have them.

## UNDERSCORINGS

WITHIN the space of ten days, the Pope recently received and accredited two diplomatic representatives: a Chinese Minister on February 25, and an Italian Ambassador on March 1. Informed observers see significance in the different tones of the two Papal discourses. To Dr. Cheou Kang-sie, His Holiness was graciously encouraging. He expressed the hope that China would emerge "new and happy." To Count Ciano, Pope Pius's message took the turn of paternal counsel, pointing out that this war sprang from a rejection of "juridical thinking" and a return to the "doctrine of conquest and survival."

► Meanwhile the Bishops of Slovakia have joined their brothers throughout the world in protesting the Nazi persecution of the Jews. This is not the first time they have denounced the madness of racism; but new decrees and outrages have once more called them to champion justice and peace.

► Obviously, rural life will play an important part in postwar plans, and so particular importance attaches to the Institute for Educational Leadership in Rural Life, June 14-18, sponsored by Marquette University. More than 500 grade and high-school teachers of Wisconsin are expected to participate.

► In a resolution distinguished for its fairness and balance, the World Baptist Alliance, meeting at Chicago in May, urged the Soviet Republic to grant complete religious freedom. Full credit, said the resolution, must be given to the Soviet for its positive achievements; but it is to be hoped that Russia will enter, unqualifiedly, into that group of democracies to whom religious freedom is a basic right.

► Under distinguished auspices, twenty-nine graduates of the National Catholic School of Social Service received degrees in Washington, May 23. They attended Mass and received Holy Communion in the chapel of the Apostolic Delegation, with Archbishop Cicognani celebrant. Monsignor McCormick, Rector of C. U., opened the commencement exercises with prayer; Monsignor Ready conferred the degrees; Monsignor John Ryan was speaker and Monsignor Haas closed the ceremonies. Father Lauerman, Director of the School of Social Service spoke for the graduates.

► Louisiana may well become the State of Saints if seven canonization processes eventually go through. The seven candidates for the honors of the altar are Blessed Francis Xavier Cabrini, Reverend Mother Mary Maddalena of the Poor Clares, Blessed Cornelia Peacock Connelly, Blessed Rose Duchesne, Father F. X. Seelos, a Redemptorist, Father Joseph Rosati, a Lazarist and Venerable Anthony Margil de Jesus, a Franciscan. The holy lives of all were, in greater or less degree, connected with Louisiana.

► Recreational facilities of fifty-six Catholic summer camps for boys and girls will be available this season. A list of these camps can be obtained by writing to the Department of Education, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.

## THE NATION AT WAR

AS the month of June arrives, the American attack on Attu comes to a successful conclusion. Japan acknowledges that her garrison of 2,000 men has been annihilated, having chosen death rather than surrender in a hopeless situation. This eliminates one of the two Jap bases in the Aleutians.

Attu has the beginnings of an airfield. The Japs had not completed it. This is left to the Americans as another step on the road to Tokyo. The important fact about the Attu campaign has been the inability of the Japanese fleet to prevent our attack. It was not strong enough to go to the Aleutians and fight. The Japanese navy has to watch the whole Pacific Ocean from Australia to Alaska. If the fleet goes to the north, it will leave the south front open to an advance by our forces in the Solomon Islands and vicinity. Japan evidently felt that she could not afford to risk sending her fleet so far from its base. She preferred to lose Attu.

Kiska remains in Jap hands. This will be a bigger and harder objective to capture. It, too, has a budding airfield, but one not big enough for bombers. It will be suitable only for the smaller fighter planes. It is questionable how the Japs are going to supply their troops on Kiska. If they were unable to send help to Attu, what can they do for their more distant island? It may fall for lack of supplies.

Obvious preparations are being made for the invasion of Europe. An intensive bombing campaign is in progress against Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Germany and parts of northern France. It is hoped that, when the invasion comes, these preliminary bombings will have removed a substantial part of the opposition. This may not, however, be the case. It will be recollected that the small island of Malta was most viciously bombed day and night for months, in spite of which it never fell.

A year has passed since the mass bombing of Cologne. Many other German cities have by now also been wrecked, and the intensity and number of bombings is increasing. Particular attention is being given to bombing railroad yards, and machine-gunning locomotives. The same thing is being done in Burma. Germany has adopted the idea, and its air force daily attacks Russian railroads and locomotives. Locomotives hereafter will be armored.

Russia anticipates a great and early attack by the Axis. This is possible, but no one on the Allied side knows what the Axis intends to do. It is known that the Axis is strengthening its lines in Russia, reëquipping its armies with new and better matériel, and erecting strong fortifications along the western and southern European coasts, against the oft-threatened Allied invasion. The Axis expects that this may come during June, and the British press has encouraged this view by articles announcing that the greatest naval expedition the world has yet seen is ready to start. In view of this, the Axis may decide to wait a while before attacking Russia and first see what else will happen.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

IN spite of the War Labor Board's troubles with the rebellious miners, there have been some encouraging signs in Washington recently that progress is being made on the home front. First of all, the growing general use of those words, *home front*, is a symbol. It shows that we are beginning to realize that it is a front no less important than the fighting fronts. That is all to the good.

Then, as was predicted here some weeks ago, Stabilization Director Byrnes has been given plenary power over this home front, just as the general staff has over the other fronts. That, too, all to the good. But Mr. Byrnes' new organization is called Office of War Mobilization. The choice of that word looks rather tentative—as if we were just beginning to mobilize the home front. When the name is changed to Office of War Management, then OWM will be what the country needs.

The fact of the matter is, however, that after many abortive attempts, the home front is still in the process of mobilization only. It really looks as if Mr. Jeffers, after a tempestuous start, has got the rubber program pretty well advanced, at least as far as strategic war needs are concerned, and perhaps also for civilian use, especially in connection with war workers' transportation needs. But the gasoline situation, at least in the East, is chaos, and the winter fuel situation looms up as still dangerous.

The food situation is the worst of all, as every reader knows. Prentiss Brown's OPA, as has been mentioned here before, is always teetering on the brink of total collapse, with prominent members of it still fighting for personal prestige and not for the public salvation. The revelation by the Truman committee that the Army had been wasting twenty-one per cent of its food was another nasty blow to the public confidence. The first job of OWM will be to bring some order into this sector of the home front, but I repeat that if it does not control the whole food process from producer to consumer, there will be the same old chaos.

Another sinister revelation was made by the head of the Iron and Steel Institute recently. It seems that a large part of the steel we have been producing is not being used at all, and may not be used before the end of the war. Half-finished and abandoned war factories, and the mania of the big companies to build up large inventories are the causes. One wonders if the same may be true of some of the other basic materials.

In spite of this, however, I insist that the situation looks better. It is at last recognized that the home front is important. Many of our difficulties have been due to bad distribution, and this is a problem that can be managed only by some over-all agency like OWM. The other basic problem is personnel, but that, like Army officers, can be proved only on the firing line. It still remains true, therefore, that the home front can be directed only by civilians and by politicians in the better sense. Mr. James Byrnes is just that.

WILFRID PARSONS



# THE LEND-LEASE POLICY AS A CREATIVE POWER

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

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LEND-LEASE was two years old last March 11. As the Nazis are beginning to find out, it has already cut its teeth. But there are signs that the child is developing a split personality.

The worst sign is the impression it is having on men and women in America. Last January one-quarter of our people did not even know what Lend-Lease was. Of the rest, seventy-two per cent felt that the countries receiving lend-lease aid *should* repay the United States for it. But only twenty-nine per cent believed that we really *would* be paid. The child's character is obviously being misunderstood.

In December, 1940, the President began broaching the question of providing all-out aid to Britain. Public opinion supported the proposition that the defense of Britain was vital to the defense of the United States. The problem was how to supply the aid. Britain was running out of dollars, having expended over five billions to buy munitions in this country. Our experience in the last war proved the economic and political futility of loans and credits to be repaid in gold or goods. Britain would be so exhausted after this war that demanding such repayment would only again tie up international trade and work up international ill will. The brute fact was this: if we were aiding the British as a measure of defense of the United States, it was never clear why the British should be expected to repay us for using our munitions at the risk of their lives for our protection.

The Lend-Lease Act, passed March 11, 1941, went a long way towards solving the dilemma. It ensured all-out aid to Britain as a measure of American self-defense, while easing the terms of repayment. How was this arranged? By giving the President two powers. The first was "to sell, transfer title to, exchange, lease, lend, or otherwise dispose of" defense articles and defense information, to "any country whose defense the President deems vital to the defense of the United States." That takes care of supplying aid. The second power invested the President with almost *unlimited discretion* about the terms of repayment:

The terms and conditions upon which any such foreign government receives any aid . . . shall be those which the President deems satisfactory, and the benefit to the United States may be payment or repayment in kind or property or *any other direct or indirect benefit which the President deems satisfactory* (Lend-Lease Act, Sec. 3(b); *italics inserted*).

The Act was entitled "An Act to Promote the Defense of the United States." As such, it was passed

by a vote of 317-171 in the House and 60-31 in the Senate. We knew what we were doing. Voters should have to learn the above passage by heart.

In a press conference on December 17, 1940, when he was preparing to ask Congress to pass the Lend-Lease Act, the President remarked: "What I am trying to do is to eliminate the dollar sign . . . get rid of the silly, foolish old dollar sign . . ." The Act, both in its wording and in the previously explained intentions of the President, was therefore designed to stop the piling up of huge dollar debts on the part of countries "whose defense is deemed vital to the defense of the United States." Repayment in dollars was out from the start.

The Act provides for "repayment in kind or property, or any other direct or indirect benefit," at the discretion of the President.

But Congress is the keeper of the purse. As such it required, as stated in the Act, that Congressional appropriations should be the measure of aid lend-leased, and that quarterly reports be submitted to Congress of "the quantities, value, terms of disposition, and destination of the articles and information so exported." The Reports have told us that from March 11, 1941, to April 1, 1943, the value of aid lend-leased totaled \$10,319,518,000. We know *in dollars* what has gone to the United Kingdom, to Russia, to Africa and the Middle East, to the Far East. We know *in dollars* how much of this was munitions, industrial products, agricultural products.

The plain fact is that the aid we have supplied has gone out all wrapped up in dollar signs. For the President cannot wish away the whole American economy. The dollar sign is the symbolism in which a bourgeois society does its thinking. That sociological trait cannot be ignored in administering the lend-lease program. Hence the signs of split personality in Lend-Lease were visible at birth. The Act itself provided for a *system of accounting in dollars*. But it provided for *repayment in vague terms of benefits* deemed satisfactory by the President.

This schizophrenia was probably unavoidable in March, 1941, for reasons it is not necessary to recall. But the conflict inherent in the original lend-lease principle has grown worse with age. Circumstances have almost completely changed. We no longer stand in an ambiguous position towards Britain and our other allies. We are fighter-partners in a war for survival.

How differently we are placed *vis-à-vis* Britain is

revealed by the operation of Lend-Lease in reverse. Britain is making heavy contributions to the American Army stationed in the United Kingdom. The *National Geographic* for June describes in detail the magnitude of the supplies the British are putting in our hands—one million blankets, two million suits of underwear, four million pairs of socks; munitions and all sorts of military equipment; sea, rail, and motor transport; even stocks for our commissary stores. We send our Army heavy shipments of supplies, too. But we buy practically nothing in Britain. We apply at the Ministry of Supply and they deliver, without a shilling involved. Last December our troops in Britain cost us in cash expenditures there a paltry \$25,000. In the first World War we spent \$2,500,000,000 to supply our troops in Europe. This time, in thirteen months, we spent less than \$1,000,000 for our Army in Britain. The rest is reciprocal aid to us from our British allies.

Australia and New Zealand are meeting us halfway too:

In 1942 we received under reverse Lend-Lease more beef, lamb and mutton from Australia and New Zealand for our troops than we lend-leased to all our allies, including Britain, Russia and the rest.

But now the fun starts. In the first place, the value of this reciprocal aid is recorded only in volume, *not in dollars*. The British say that it would take half a division of men to make the estimates and keep ledgers. Imagine computing the amount of electricity we use. In the actual fighting it has become a sheer physical impossibility to keep track of exchanges. Some American writers are ridiculing the idea that if the British took a hill in Tunisia, that would be a "benefit" to us under Lend-Lease. If strategists decided that we should take it, that would be a "benefit" to Britain under Lend-Lease. Yet the master lend-lease agreements with our allies, and specifically the reciprocal-aid agreements, provided that aid given by one should be considered a write-off of aid given by the other.

The President has kept abreast of these changed circumstances. The master lend-lease agreements negotiated in February, 1942, have broadened the base of the lend-lease principle. The emphasis is on reciprocal aid in a bilateral sense, it is true, but the final determination of "benefits" conferred and received is postponed until events shall clarify the question. The *type* of benefit each nation is looking for (we have such agreements with ten nations) is defined in a way that carries the lend-lease principle further away from quantitative *quid pro quo* concepts to a qualitative consideration, namely, readiness to co-operate in the final settlement on broad terms of the future well-being of nations. The Preamble and Article VII of these master-agreements, negotiated by Assistant Secretary of State Acheson, look to the lowering of tariffs, the freeing of trade, collaboration in forging the peace as well as fighting the war and, in general, the realization of the Atlantic Charter. This is indeed "creative statesmanship." The President is willing to let the dead past bury its dead so that we may go forward from wherever we shall find ourselves when the fighting stops to the tasks that lie ahead.

In his anniversary Report on Lend-Lease of

March 11, 1942, he spoke of *pooling* resources under Lend-Lease, not as between one nation and another but among the United Nations. In the next Report, in June, 1942, he shifted further from the concept of bilateralism in aiding our allies to a new concept of equality among the United Nations:

If each country devotes roughly the same fraction of its national production to the war, then the financial burden of the war is distributed equally among the United Nations in accordance with their ability to pay. And although the nations richest in resources are able to make the largest contributions, the claim of war against each is relatively the same. Such a distribution of the financial costs of war means that no nation will grow rich from the war effort of its allies. The money costs of the war will fall according to the rule of equality in sacrifice, as well as in effort.

This is surely the only way out. Our allies will not owe us a dime, even according to the original Lend-Lease Act. And in this new concept of "benefits the President deems satisfactory," proportionate instead of arithmetical equality will be the measure used. This is thinking in terms of distributive instead of commutative justice; in terms not of national sovereignty but of the international common good of all nations, great and small. It is magnificent statesmanship, and the only kind that will work. So our allies will not owe us goods either. What they owe us as allies is allegiance to the common cause: the winning of the war, the organizing of the peace, and the long-range co-operative effort of reconstruction. Russia's renunciation of the Comintern is the kind of benefit the President wants. It is the only kind that counts.

"A great empire and little minds go ill together." Read the record of the Congressional hearings held early this year on the renewal of the Lend-Lease Act and you will be amazed to see how baffled some members of the House are by the terms in which the President is thinking. The accounting system we are applying to Lend-Lease gives them some excuse. The dollar sign should be dimmed out of the quarterly Reports to Congress. Congress, of course, has to think in terms of appropriation dollars, tax dollars, farm-parity dollars, and social-security dollars. But Congress and the people must be re-educated on the question of lend-lease dollars.

For the lend-lease program is not a commercial transaction. Born of military necessity, it has been built up into the cornerstone of our whole foreign policy. Handled in the President's terms, it can lay the foundations of a vastly improved economic and political and social world order.

The President, by a stroke of genius, fathered this child of Lend-Lease, and has taught it to talk a new language. Mere politicians will try to mother it and teach it to return to its baby-talk about "giving" aid to allies who should repay us, not in dollars, but in benefits expressible in terms of dollars. The time is ripe to thwart that maneuver by explaining to the voting public as simply as we can the wreckage that would result from repeating the mistakes of the settlement after the first World War. If we can remove the confusion still surrounding the lend-lease principle, we shall be well on our way to the goals we are fighting for—peace and security in a stable world order.



# WHY DOESN'T GOD STOP THE WAR?

CHARLES KEENAN

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CYNICALLY, petulantly, despairingly, wondering-ly, the question arises in men's minds. Sometimes it is little more than a demand for a God made after the inquirer's specifications, rather than a search for Him Who Is, with a readiness to accept Him as He is—as One who reveals Himself to our minds by His works and words, but leaves vast tracts of His power and Providence hidden from our finite grasp. Or it may be merely a protest at the disruption of our way of life by the dreadful exigencies of war. For many, it is the cry of the heart at the necessity for reconciling the apparently irreconcilable—Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Goodness with the wanton wastage of human life and human capabilities. The mind finds itself drifting into the confusion and despair of agnosticism; or, holding firm by its Faith, hopes on, though it wonders.

The full answer to the question is known to God alone. Saint Augustine has said that God would not allow evils to come did He not see His way to draw good from them. We believe that; yet naked Faith finds itself strongly assailed by the brutal realities of the world conflict and would call upon Reason to shield it from the blows. In the last analysis, Faith must stand or fall by itself; yet Reason may give some help, may throw a little light through the darkness, and do its part in justifying the ways of God to man.

We can first examine our question and try to see just what we are asking. Why doesn't God stop the war? We want an end to the war. That, doubtless, is well within God's Omnipotence. But just how should we like the war to be stopped? With victory for ourselves? Let us grant even that; for we should not be fighting the war if we did not consider it a lesser evil than peace dominated by the enemy. The war is over, then, stopped by some exercise of God's power. What next? The peace, of course, the post-war reconstruction.

With the war out of the way, that will be very simple, will it not? The Poles, the Czechs and the Russians will lie down together like the lion and the lamb; Britain and India will meet in a marriage of true minds; at home, the isolationists will embrace the internationalists and Negroes will sit in Southern legislatures . . . or are we getting a bit ahead of ourselves?

The sad truth is, that to complete the work we should have to ask God to afflict the human race with a universal amnesia, and to add to that a *metanoia*, a change of heart. We should want greed and selfishness abolished, and the self-centered shortsightedness that has bred trouble in the world since Man first walked the paths of Eden. What we should ask for, it seems, is simply the abolition of

the human race that we know and the creation of a new species. But God, entering into dispute with us, as He did once with Job, might remind us that He had done just that, had created a new species and placed them in a Garden, free to make of themselves what they would, free to override even the command of God Himself, and that they had used their freedom only to make themselves miserable.

For in our own hands we hold Life and Death, Peace and War, Good and Evil. It is the mystery of our human nature that we know ourselves to be capable of the highest good, that we feel within us eternal and infinite longings; and yet are able to stoop to the lower good, to betray the best impulses of our hearts. "The twilight of an angel and a worm," man can rise to the highest or fall to the lowest. God could have made us incapable of sin, like the beasts of the field; but we could never have felt the greatness of a destiny that transcends our animal nature. Instead, He has entrusted to us the high and dangerous gift of freedom; He has written in our hearts the law that can make our lives worthy and peaceful and lead us to eternal life and infinite happiness; but He will not force us.

The causes of this war are not outside of us; the pride and passion that we see in the leaders who let loose the whirlwind are the same as those we harbor in ourselves and have often yielded to; who among us would dare to cast the first stone? The war-lords and dictators could not have risen to power except upon the human frailty of their fellow citizens, the private and public sins, the national suspicions and hatreds, the strife of class with class. With the Penitent Thief, we may well murmur in the agony of the world's crucifixion that we indeed suffer justly.

This is not to say, of course, that each of us must feel guilty of the war; much less that we are precluded from defending ourselves and our country when attacked. The judge who sits in court and condemns the murderer may feel that he, as a member of society, has some share in the responsibility for crime; nevertheless, he is not guilty of murder, and his own personal shortcomings, however grave, do not take away his authority or make his sentence unjust.

What we should understand is that war is a human creation, born of man's passions; and that we can scarcely call upon God for periodic miracles to save us from the effects of our sins and folly.

And God could scarcely grant us such a periodic miracle, if we did ask for it. We should only be confirmed in our sin and folly, if we escaped their effects. Knowledge, amongst men, has to make a bloody entrance. We in America, for instance, went blithely along on the great wave of prosperity that preceded the crash of 1929. We were rich and prosperous; we had the world's best in material non-essentials; illimitable horizons of progress opened before us. Responsible economists were uneasy; but their warnings were cursed with the fate of Cassandra. The lure of immediate gain blinded people to the need of moderation and a long-term policy; American business had hitched its wagon to a comet. If some miracle had prevented the crash,

nothing could ever have convinced us that there was anything wrong with our economic structure.

One question will bear a little closer scrutiny, and the examination will throw some light on the origin of many of man's woes. Why is it, we may ask, that though most people do not want war, yet wars come? Whole populations look with fear on the crises that produce wars; they find themselves somehow moving inexorably, against their wills, towards the edge of the abyss. How do men get into wars against their will? The answer to that question lies much farther back than the eve of hostilities. For generations after each war, historians discuss its causes; but few historians would so far commit themselves as to lay their finger on the precise national choice that inevitably led to war, or to say at what moment the people's will was definitely orientated towards that choice.

Men (and nations) do not choose *evil*. The human will is not, and cannot be, attracted by evil; but only by good. There can be a conflict of goods, however—between honor, for example, and the chance of unlawful gain; between fidelity and the love of another man's wife. Now, if men consistently chose the higher good, if they followed truth and justice and charity in their private and public dealings, we should have almost the Kingdom of Heaven come upon earth. Natural ills, disease, sickness and death there would be; but a vast part of the sorrows that afflict us, and the heaviest at that, would cease. The saying that virtue is its own reward may be trite and hackneyed; but it expresses the profound truth that our world is so constituted that we live best in it when we follow our highest ideals.

But if we choose otherwise—as, alas, we do—we are foregoing the higher good for the lower. More than that, we are forsaking the conditions which make for the best and happiest human life; and are risking the consequences of living by other conditions. Now we *know* what are the results of living by the law of our nature; but we *do not know* what may come if men decide to follow their lower instincts and their passions. Truth and justice and charity lead us in a certain path towards a definite end; untruth and injustice are a leap in the dark. And note this. When I, as an individual, sin, I am committing myself to the worst consequences of that leap. I have no right to claim to be the only one privileged to sin. I cannot steal, and expect the rest of the world to be honest; I cannot lie, and expect the rest of the world to be truthful. By sinning I am accepting a different universe, a universe ruled by greed, lying and hatred.

The tragedy of our times—and not merely of our times but of all human history—is that we find it far easier to follow “the law of our members” than “the law of our mind.” We are impressed by immediate needs and private interests rather than by the more altruistic, but more remote promptings of charity and justice. We have our private and public loves and hates; and we find ourselves judging by them. When this is enlarged to the national scale, leaders who appeal most to our special likes and dislikes will have our favor; and so it comes about that the national temper is often just a magnifica-

tion of the private temper. If we accept the distinction that a politician looks to the next election, whilst a statesman looks to the next generation, national leadership has too frequently been political rather than statesmanlike. Nor is the blame wholly on the leaders; for they might not lead long if they gave too much thought to the next generation.

Thus, while men spoke of peace and its conditions, they were really living in a world—of their own construction—from which the conditions for peace were absent. They had left the sure and safe path to peace for that dreadful leap into the dark. Its worst consequences are upon us now; and what the end will be, God alone knows.

Yes, God knows. That is a gleam of light in our darkness. All our reflections about the link between our personal frailties and the world's disorder are cold comfort to humanity on the rack. They may bring us to say in the humble words of the *Miserere*: “To Thee only have I sinned and have done evil before Thee: that Thou mayst be justified in Thy words and mayst overcome when Thou art judged.” Is the only outcome of our self-scrutiny to be the sorrowful admission that we are suffering from the effects of our own folly and have no just complaint against God? Even on the very gates of Hell, Dante wrote that it was built by “the Primal Wisdom and the Primal Love.” Can we not find some trace of that Wisdom and that Love in our *Purgatorio*?

Though the full import of God's purposes must remain His own secret, the Christian—and perhaps even the non-Christian—can see a little of those good effects for which alone God would permit so much evil.

For the Christian and the non-Christian alike, the finest flower of human life is human character. The Christian, indeed, sees this as a supernatural work, bringing man to a supernatural destiny. But he does not deny the nobility of what the non-Christian admires; he wishes to raise it to a higher plane, and to carry it on, glorified, beyond the grave. Nothing else can compensate for lack of true nobility of character; no sacrifice is too great to achieve it. Socrates could have saved himself from the unjust execution, but only by being false—ever so slightly, but nevertheless false—to the principles he had taught and lived by. He could have done untold good by continuing his teaching; it seems such a waste that he resolved to die. But Socrates would have taken something inestimable from that ultimate fineness of human character, something that could be bought only with his life. And of him we can say that “nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.”

How many thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of human beings are refined in the fire of war, is God's own secret. For there is nothing that tests and strengthens a man's character like suffering. In his *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley has drawn a savage and bitter picture of a world without sorrow. Every avenue of sorrow has been carefully stopped. There is no marriage and no family life, because when a man ties himself to others, when he gives and receives love, he opens a door to the



pang of death and separation. Children are born, scientifically, in factories, not from mothers and fathers; for he who has children, in Bacon's phrase, has given hostages to fortune. There is no maturity, only perpetual adolescence; for maturity brings the dangerous habit of thought, of looking before and after, of asking whence and whither and why. It is a world without sorrow; but it is a world without meaning and without humanity.

Only the exceptional person can go through life sheltered from sorrow and not deteriorate in the process. The real tragedies of the war are not those who have been blasted out of their normal life into a universe of bewildering suffering, but those who, thus treated, could not stand up under it and suffered moral collapse. It can scarcely be a coincidence that the first news of the bombing of London was the calmness and courage of the East-enders, the slum people, who had always lived on the ragged edge of things and had learned to look sorrow in the face.

In the storm and stress of war we learn the real values of life. Coming out of the bomb-shelter, to find our house blown to pieces, we may suddenly realize that we can do without a house and furniture but not without friendship and charity among neighbors. Listening to the inescapable *memento mori* thundering overhead, many a man has revised his opinion as to what were the successes and failures in his past life.

The war has picked up millions of men from the stores and shops and street-corners and made them face suffering and death—for something outside themselves, something greater than themselves. It has given them every opportunity of learning and practising unselfishness, of learning and practising that love than which no man has a greater. People who had lived for themselves, who had come to look upon the comforts of the world as their due and not as something granted them on sufferance, have learned to think for others.

It is true that many, too many, seem to be worsened by war. We read so much of the increase in crime and immorality consequent upon the war; a complaint particularly pertinent to the home front. But adversity, says the *Imitation of Christ*, does not make a man good or evil; it shows what he is. Would the people who sin in wartime be less sinful in peace time? The last analysis and the final appraisal must be God's; reading men's hearts, He may see there the spark of good, or the flaw in the clay, that may make his judgment more merciful than ours.

With all that, war remains a terrible scourge, and it would be presumptuous to think that we have justified it, or fathomed God's purposes in allowing it to occur. But we can see that it is not wholly waste; that it may have other aspects besides that of horror, death and destruction. The Christian does not know the explanation of the war, in God's plan; but he knows that it is explicable. He mourns, it is true, but not as those who have no hope. He has been on Golgotha and has known that after the Crucifixion comes the Resurrection.

## HEALTH INSURANCE IN CANADA

E. L. CHICANOT

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CANADA is to have health insurance. A definite announcement to this effect was made in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the present Parliament. The impression was given that arrangements for launching this are so advanced that legislation may be introduced at an early date. Thus, summarily, the discussion and the wrangling which have covered nearly twenty years will be ended, and early but more limited attempts in this direction, which died aborning, be brought to completest fruition. It has all happened quietly, one might almost say clandestinely. Plans were drawn up behind the scenes, with but fragmentary and inadequate publicity given out. Organized medicine knew what was going on; so did many public bodies called into consultation. But it burst unexpectedly upon the public, which scarcely realizes yet, and certainly does not appreciate, the significance of the step to which the Dominion is committed.

Anything to be comprehended in the term "social security" is blandly accepted today as being in the direction of the political trend. But the first rumblings of an agitation for health insurance in Canada were heard long before the term became familiar, or the average citizen had an idea what it meant. More accurately, it might be said that there was a vague dissatisfaction with the prevailing system of medical care, which gradually assumed shape in the constructive suggestion of the remedy of health insurance. This was long before the public talked comprehendingly of "security," before Canada knew the meaning of depression, when people would have laughed at the idea of a man's not being able to get a job when he wanted one or at the possibility of some Canadians actually not getting enough to eat.

This developed out of conditions which could similarly be found in Britain, the United States and other countries—the changing aspects of the system of medical care, with the growth of specialism, the multiplication of new and expensive equipment, etc., which increased the costs of sickness to the public and rendered its incidence more economically hazardous. It was aggravated in the case of Canada by reason of the country's meager population spread over a wide area, with doctors, under a system of open competition and free enterprise, tending to concentrate in the populated areas of developed medical facilities and to neglect those with fewer potential customers and greater inconvenience in serving.

It was dissatisfaction grown to the point of desperation which resulted in the establishment in Western Canada of the Municipal Doctor System, the closest approach to outright socialized medicine

in America. It originated in Saskatchewan during the last war when, after a doctor in a large rural area abandoned it because he could not make a living, the first doctor under contract to a municipality was engaged. It started a movement in which, in increasing numbers, municipalities set out to engage doctors for themselves, paying them a regular salary for their entire time and services. Provincial Governments early sanctioned the practice, passing legislation which permitted municipalities to impose a special tax for this purpose. Today one-third of the rural municipalities of Saskatchewan, and a large number in Manitoba, are served thus by doctors under their entire control.

But there has never been any really widespread demand in Canada for socialized medicine as such. To people tending toward conservatism of attitude and democratic procedure, it savors too much of Communism and revolution. Doctors, of course, have been almost unanimously opposed to socialized medicine, since they are sensitive to any suggestion of regimentation, and this implies the completest degree. The people who did any thinking, mainly through the public bodies representing them, came to see the remedy for their ills in a system of health insurance, which had been adopted by Britain and altogether more than forty other countries, none of which had ever found it necessary or advisable to backtrack. Doctors, who as an ultra-conservative profession, would, as a body, have preferred to maintain the status quo, once they became reconciled to the inevitability of a change of some nature, came round to giving half-hearted support to the general principle of health insurance as a compromise with outright socialization.

The vague unrest over the medical-care situation developed into a somewhat incoherent demand that something be done about it when the depression engulfed Canada. The Canadian Medical Association, reading the handwriting on the wall, officially, through a special committee, began making a study of health insurance with the idea of drafting principles which would be agreeable to the body of doctors. The urgent needs of the time, combined with the introduction of the social-security program in the United States, focused general attention on methods of remedying social ills, and before long energetic western Provinces had taken action and placed health-insurance Acts on their statute books.

The Alberta Act for Health Insurance was passed in 1935 to cover all residents with the benefits of fairly complete medical services—hospitalization, drugs, nursing care, and dental care. Before the bill could be put into effect, however, the Government changed, and the new legislature took no action. It is still in power and nothing has ever been done to implement this legislation. The British Columbia Act for Health Insurance was passed in 1936. It established an income level of \$1,800 a year for employed persons with provision for the voluntary insurance of non-employees. Doctors objected to the plan on the score that indigents were excluded from it and that the remuneration was inadequate. They were strong enough to impede the functioning of the plan and the Government abandoned any

further attempt to put insurance legislation into effect.

Meanwhile the Federal Government had initiated action. While it had been more or less tacitly agreed that health matters came within the jurisdiction of the Provinces, it was at the same time seen as obviously most desirable that any system of health insurance put into operation should be uniform across the Dominion. Accordingly when, in 1935, the Federal Government framed an elaborate social-security program, something after the American pattern, it incorporated therein a health-insurance act. The constitutionality of the whole program was questioned, the Supreme Court of Canada held most of it *ultra vires*, and the Privy Council of the British Empire upheld the decision. The Health Insurance Act was one of the more important provisions to be doomed.

But the agitation for health insurance did not die. The Provinces were, in fact, anxious to come to any agreement with regard to health insurance which would protect their rights, as was evidenced when the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial relations set out on its travels and progressed with its sittings. Out of these came the suggestion for a system of grants-in-aid by the Federal Government to the Provinces instead of seeking a constitutional amendment to the British North America Act, in which the Provinces would cede to the Dominion powers to deal with matters of social welfare. This is the base upon which the broad program of social security in Canada will probably be built.

Meanwhile, quite frankly with the hope of postponing the evil day of health insurance, doctors launched for themselves and gave sympathetic support to schemes which they could control themselves without lay interference, and which went part way towards meeting the problem of the high cost of medical care and the difficulty of budgeting. Group hospitalization was introduced in Manitoba in 1939, extended to Ontario in 1941, and to Quebec a few months later in the same year. In Ontario the medical profession introduced a system of voluntary health insurance which had the approval of the Provincial Government and which from a puny beginning in Toronto has spread throughout the urban centers of the Province. Hundreds of doctors have enrolled under the scheme, which has thousands of subscribers. This success induced doctors on the Pacific Coast to organize a similar plan which, centered in Vancouver, has shown the same gratifying expansion. More recently a scheme of the same nature was launched in Winnipeg.

But it was recognized that such schemes were mere palliatives, and their most enthusiastic supporters were frank to say they were not the final answer to the problem and went only part way towards meeting the difficulties of the Canadian people in paying for adequate medical care. For one thing, they necessarily disregarded the indigent, as they did anyone who found it impossible to pay or keep up the premium charges, while dwellers on farms were also left out altogether. The matter of a comprehensive national scheme periodically crept into the debates in Parliament. It was an invariable



topic of discussion at the annual meetings of the Canadian Medical Association.

In 1941 the Dominion Government, having overcome constitutional difficulties through arrangements with the Provinces after the manner suggested by the Royal Commission, launched its Dominion-wide scheme of unemployment insurance, which had been one of the measures quashed six years previously. It became known that the next step it contemplated, in preparation for the post-war period, was a health-insurance scheme. The Department of Pensions and National Health invited the Canadian Medical Association, as well as bodies representative of the public, the nursing profession, dentists, hospitals and other bodies, to submit their views on the proposed legislation. Following rapidly came the Speech from the Throne, so that there is every expectation the bill, when it is introduced, will be broadly satisfactory to all.

All the details of the plan are naturally not known, but Dominion and Provincial contributions and collaboration in execution are assured. It is known that it will be nation-wide in scope and that it will be applicable to all residents of Canada, regardless of station or income. Every citizen will pay according to his means, and every citizen will be entitled to the same benefits. There is to be integration of public health, preventive services and medical care, free treatment of tuberculosis, as well as free diagnostic and preventive service, and free treatment and care for the mentally ill.

It is generally assumed that health insurance will be put into effect early and combine with unemployment insurance, already in operation, to form the base of a broad social-security program which it is known the Government is working upon as a post-war measure, and which was referred to even more definitely in the Speech from the Throne. Enormous interest has been shown in Britain's Beveridge Report in Canada, and it is being regarded as a blueprint by members of the postwar reconstruction committee erecting the framework for a comprehensive social-security plan applicable to Canada.

But health insurance in Canada is, in a way, to be regarded as dissociated from the general plan of social security. It has more than a security implication, affects many more classes and persons, goes deeper into the national life than most phases of social remedying, and its need has been felt much longer. The fact that the Government has apparently been able to draw up a bill satisfactory to the various Provinces, and to the medical profession and the laity alike, means a successful outcome to a quarter of a century of agitation, study and discussion. It will apply drastic treatment to a situation, common to both sides of the international border, which has grown ever more unsatisfactory and irritating, to which mere palliatives and half measures have heretofore been applied. There is nothing unique or revolutionary about it, of course, since Canada is but adapting to her own needs the lengthy experience of Britain and some more than forty other countries where health insurance, despite early and general opposition, has flourished and given widespread satisfaction.

## PLASTICS WILL REMOLD TOMORROW'S WORLD

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA



PLASTICS were born just about four decades ago; today they are almost full-grown and their prospects for the future are literally fascinating. We may best appreciate the role of plastics in the post-war world by examining only a few of the contributions which they will make not long after the war is over.

The nursery of tomorrow will be a beehive of sparkling decorative effects. The delicate eyes of babies will feast on plastics especially designed and decorated to attract their native curiosity. The nursery will be filled with shining, streamlined surfaces and curves blended into unique patterns by ultra-modern architects. Mothers will no longer have to worry about their children falling against sharp edges and corners. Such hazards will be completely removed and replaced by tough, safe and clean plastic creations. Man has now mastered the art of handling dozens of new plastic materials so that he may form them into almost any conceivable shape. As a result, sharp edges, jutting peaks that may injure children seriously, and cracks and crevices in which germs find comfortable breeding grounds, will not exist in the new postwar homes.

Modifications of the same cellulose which forms the structural framework of almost all plant life will, through the magical science of chemistry, be transformed into thousands of attractive commodities. They will be converted into toys for children, teething-rings, shatterproof milk bottles, toothpaste tubes, dozens of toilet articles or streamlined baby-chairs. The lightweight pram in which Junior will get his fresh air and sunshine will be molded almost one hundred per cent of plastics—even to the wheels, springs and tires!

The schoolroom of tomorrow will be far different from the schoolrooms I studied in as a lad, thanks to plastics. Desk-tops of molded or laminated plastics will be smooth, clean and scuff-proof. Textbooks and notebooks will be bound in permanent plastic-coated covers to protect them from wear and the weather. Plastic shoes, combs, pens and pencils, sport-jackets of fabrics impregnated with plastic resins and plastic suspenders or belts will be just a few of the things that will demonstrate the plastic age in the service of schoolchildren.

The schoolroom windows will be unbreakable and they will not hold back the rays in sunlight which generate Vitamin D in our bodies, as most of the common types of glass do. The windows will be very light, easy to open and framed in attractive colored plastics which will have the paint permanently embodied in them. They will be curtained with fireproof plastic curtains—curtains which will be grease-proof as well as dirt-proof.

The blackboard will be made of plastic matting; it will be much easier to write on and easier to read from. The floors in the classroom will no longer creak disturbingly as the students go to the blackboard to exhibit their knowledge. They will be made of silent crack-proof plastic slabs which cannot warp, chip or rust, and which will never require any paint or varnish. All these innovations will, of course, be enhanced by appropriate color-scheming and decorative designs.

A plastic environment will permeate the after-victory home from cellar to attic. The furniture in the living-rooms and the bedrooms will be constructed of molded plastic parts and trimmed with extruded plastics. Armchairs, divans and suites will be fabricated of tough plastic monofilaments and stripping. This new kind of furniture will have none of the maintenance defects of the old style wooden furniture. It will not require any varnish; its polish will be permanent, and no preserving oils will be needed. It will be extremely light and easy to move about. One of the major virtues of plastics in general is their lightness, and they will replace metals wherever possible. Most plastic materials can be made to have smooth dirt-proof surfaces, so that plastic furniture will be very easy to keep clean.

The bathroom will be exquisitely plastic. Heat-resisting plastics that are durable and thoroughly water-resistant, and of unlimited colors, will replace ceramic tiles and enameled bath-tubs which flake or crack occasionally. The plumber's art will be revolutionized, if not practically antiquated, because plastic pipes, taps and accessories will reduce or eliminate many maintenance requirements; the need for solder and the blow-torch will slowly disappear. The shower-curtains will be made of plastic resin-impregnated cloth which will never wear out and never be affected by mildewing.

Glass-like transparent and translucent materials, in a great variety of forms, will be dispersed throughout the home. The amateur lathe-worker will no longer think primarily in terms of wood-working; he will have an endless choice of plastic materials to choose from, materials which will be ideal for their machining qualities—void of knots or grain, and unaffected by humidity changes or water. Lampshades and stands, screens, ash-trays, pictures-frames, flower-vases, book-ends, medicine-cabinets and dozens of similar items will be made of plastics.

The all-plastic lightweight tennis racket has already appeared. Plastic golf clubs and plastic fishing tackle are on the way. People will use plastic plywood boats to go fishing in because they will be lighter, easier to operate and handle, and safer. After victory, our motor-cars will be littered with plastics, and featherweight compared with our modern one-ton tank-like automobiles; the best authorities in this industry do proclaim, however, that plastics will not be able to replace metal in the engines, transmissions, chassis and wheels of the car of tomorrow. Already plastics have played a stellar role in the accomplishment of production marvels in the aircraft industries. Reinforced plastics, in combination with lightweight metal alloys,

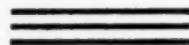
have been accepted as standard materials for the air-cars of the future.

Business and executive offices will glitter with plastic effects. Interior surfacing, desks, filing-cabinets, notebooks, telephones, specialty equipment and accessories will be constructed of plastics selected for their respective uses. Factories will be built and run on plastics more and more, as man continues to change and improve plastics.

Plastics will enjoy widespread use and popularity because they are more versatile than any natural structural material. They will, without a doubt, follow man from the cradle to the grave. I have already seen teething-rings made of plastics, and only recently a casket manufacturer decided that plastics offer unusual possibilities for the manufacture of "attractive" caskets.

## SPEAKING A PIECE— FOR HUMANITY

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY



DECORATED though the cafeteria was, its grim functionalism showed through the disguise. Beneath the bunting gleamed a coffee urn; the steam ovens wore their crepe paper uneasily; and over in one corner a bun, with a crescent cut out of it by decisive teeth, had escaped the cleaner's vigilance. The struggling little school, only a few months old, had not, as yet, auditorium facilities and had to hold assemblies in the cafeteria, largest of its rooms.

The room was low-ceilinged, narrow and long, so that even ordinary conversation rolled back in grumbling resonance from opposing stone walls and clashed in acoustic cross-currents. It was crowded this evening with enthusiastic parents, convened for the first time to witness the academic prowess of their progeny.

In the general excitement and anticipation there sat one exile who shared neither emotion. To him the evening promised to be exceedingly dull; the prospect of listening to preparatory-school boys "recite pieces" seemed positively appalling.

Nor did the beginning of the program allay his fears. A young violinist, determined and earnest, tortured the strings through an offering which, the program advised, was the musical expression of light-footed maidens on the village green. Polite applause died away and a small stout lad stood forth to declaim Antony's speech over Caesar's corpse, shattering the rolling cadences into fragments and reassembling them into a boyish whine. The sophisticate's worst forebodings were being realized.

But even as a strident trio was making the night



hideous, the glassy ennui fell from his eyes and he was arrested by a striking mental contrast.

He saw the boys of other lands, deprived of their intellectual and educational heritage, regimenting their natural awkwardness in military molds, goose-stepping their way back to Neanderthal. He beheld still other lads who had been intercepted on the way, sprawled shapeless and dead beneath the winter moon. They were no accidental products of a stray bullet, but the logical fruit of a distorted theory.

Behind every pale boy dead on those battlefields was the pale professor who had thought up the particular perversion of truth for which that youngster, in his ill-fitting uniform, was required to die. Education had rolled back the Christian centuries, brushed aside the best that ancient Greece could offer and resurrected the soulless Spartan code of Lycurgus, which made a child the property of the State. From his seventh year on, a boy received public training scientifically designed to make him a soldier, steel-sinewed from gymnastics, utterly fearless, a superb animal with intelligence. Sparta trained her girls, too, ruthlessly and severely, not so much that they might replace men in war plants, but that through their Amazonian motherhood the warrior race might be perpetuated.

In all its ancient viciousness this code had come back to blight the world and, in the words of Pius XII, "to let the family home, and with it the school, become merely an anteroom to the battlefields." Many a twentieth-century thinker had disclaimed even the inchoative Christianity which inspired Plato, in his *Laws*, to declare: "For a man to conquer himself is the first and best of all victories." Conquest, to be sure, is the destiny of man, but it is an extrovert destiny. Self-conquest, the old code would say, is the stupid weakness of nuns and monks and fakirs.

Suddenly, therefore, a high-school sophomore, stammering excerpts from Cicero, on an improvised stage in a small town, becomes a creature of gigantic stature; the heir of Western civilization, the hope of the future. For him the fruit of Stoa and Academy and Gymnasium flowered and ripened. He could look back to call Aristotle his friend, he could salute Augustine as his brother. In his dim background, the Benedictine monasteries spread like lights across early Europe; Bede and Alcuin would recognize him, Boethius and Cassiodorus, Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas had a hand in his forming.

All unconscious of it, he is the concretization of the war aims of all free men. They fight that he may inherit Western culture, truth and beauty; that he may worship God in freedom and fearlessness; that he may walk his adult way in a social order which recognizes the dignity of personality, the rights and obligations of each man endowed with mind and free will.

So the sophisticate arose and left that little temporary theatre a wiser man. For his vague convictions and "glittering generalities" has been given a local habitation and a name in the plump person of a small boy "speaking a piece."

## NO MORE SERVANTS

IF we were to return to the days, not of our remote ancestors, but to our grandfathers'—or the Currier and Ives—period, we should be tremendously impressed by the amount of personal service that was then taken for granted. I am not speaking of the great lords and ladies, but just of ordinary, or fairly ordinary, people's lives. Much of the service was in the family, some rendered by servants or hired men and women, some by people to whom you paid a trifle for this and that and a hundred other things. There were lamps to be trimmed, errands to be run, boots to be cleaned, wood to be chopped, water to be hauled, warming-pans to be heated on cold nights, fires to be lighted of mornings, tub-baths to be brought to guests' rooms. Some of this survives, but it is only a fragment of all the thousand-fold personal services that life used to be made up of.

If we went back to those days, we should doubtless find that the ease and skill of so many services would partly compensate for the lack of electric switches and modern heating and all those things so brilliantly and ingeniously at our command.

With the personal-service element shrinking daily in our profane lives, we find that it still remains crystalized, as it were, in the Church's liturgy. The liturgy was not something worked out, like a blueprint, by an imaginary Papal Committee on Rites and Observances. It grew from elementary beginnings. But it grew naturally, in accordance with people's accustomed habits. The liturgical vestments were once the gala-dress of Greek or Roman gentlemen. Much of the Church's ceremonial is a relic of days when people did little for themselves which they could conveniently arrange to have done by someone else.

So in the Mass we have a server clearing the way for the Celebrant as he goes to the altar, moving of books and handing of cruets and towels and censers and chalices and patens, garments held up, elbows supported, leaves turned, cards removed and replaced, places pointed out, etc. Indeed most of the ceremonial is built up through service of one kind or another. The more solemn the ceremony, the more this idea is elaborated, as in a Pontifical or Papal Mass or Vespers.

Imagine what would become of a Solemn Mass if an efficiency expert laid his hands upon it; if self-service were to take the place of all mutual assistance!

This makes ceremonies hard for us moderns. Probably they came much easier for the folks in the olden days, as they do today in the missions, among peoples where the service idea still prevails.

But is this a grievance against the liturgy? Quite definitely not. Thanks to the Holy Spirit, the liturgy enshrines for us in symbolic form the essence of what was once a great social reality. We do not want the abuses of that reality to return—its excuses for laziness, selfishness and injustice—but we can never build a livable world without the spirit of mutual service.

J. L. F.

## THE MASS MURDER OF JEWS

STRONG language is used by Jacques Maritain, in his recent address on Racist Law in Germany. The *Commonweal* for June 4 reprints this address, in English translation, in a special supplement, and deserves our gratitude for doing so.

In the face of the unspeakable horrors perpetrated by the Nazis upon the unfortunate Jews, says M. Maritain:

If we had the faith of old Christendom, or simply the faith of the Ninevites, we should see crowds of Christians covering themselves with sack-cloth and ashes, and forming processions on all the highways and byways of the world, begging the Almighty to extend His hand at last. In any event, those who still believe in the efficacy of prayer and sacrifice know what they have to do before God and men, for the eldest race delivered up to destruction.

Is the appeal to our supernatural Christian Faith too strong? Not unless we have forgotten our elementary teaching on the dignity of man and the sanctity of human life. There is no escape from the only position which we can possibly maintain in the face of the fiendishly cruel destruction of (most conservatively estimated) a million, more probably two million, of our fellow human beings. That position is one of utter detestation and condemnation.

There can be no if's and but's in any such condemnation, whether it look to the recent past and see the murder of 10,000 Polish officers which took place at Smolensk, or see in the future the threat of indiscriminate mass reprisals upon all Germans in the event of an Allied victory, or look upon what is now being perpetrated upon the Jews. It is not a question of this or that human being; it is a question of all human beings and of "methods of destruction which exceed the nightmares of the most diabolical imagination." These things cannot be dismissed as "atrocious stories." They are sober fact, and they proceed according to an "inexorable and well defined plan":

(1) Deprive the Jews of their civil rights; (2) drive the Jews out of economic life and thus make it impossible for them to sustain themselves; (3) segregate them in ghettos where they will perish of famine and disease; (4) exterminate those among them who have not been "liquidated" in the course of the previous stages.

This is not a matter of mere "humanitarian" sympathy. The capital point in the fact of these atrocities, as they present themselves to our Christian and Catholic conscience, is that it is but a step from what is done to the Jews to what this crime is already doing to us. It is being done to us by letting loose a fearful moral poison in the world, rooted in hatred of God and Christ Himself, which spreads like a forest fire and soon cares little what victim its violence destroys. The hour for our indifference is past. If we are honest with the Saviour Himself, we shall implore the Father in His Name to show a mercy which, in a postwar chaos, we may one day need for ourselves.

It is a false and shortsighted prudence which selects and distinguishes in its sympathies.

## WARTIME EDUCATION

WORRIES in number beset the directors of American higher education. On a single day hundreds of men students may leave to fulfil their draft obligations. Professors of youthful promise, as well as those with nationally established reputations, have donned the uniform of service to their country. Famous graduate schools are closed for the duration. Harassed presidents and governing boards have a perfect nightmare of quandaries.

Propaganda of the enemy counted on these difficulties to disrupt the morale of our people. How far he misjudged our national character can be seen in the quick adjustment made by the colleges and universities to the necessities of wartime. Overnight the calm educational atmosphere of the campus embraced thousands of uniformed students in specialized training work. Sober professors put aside their customary roles to take on the tasks of absent colleagues, or the more vital duties of Chaplaincy or guidance in personnel problems.

While appreciating the remarkable transformation now going on, the *American Council on Education* calls for even greater alertness to our opportunities and our obligations. In a special edition of their bulletin—*Higher Education and National Defense*—they point to the "continuing responsibility for regular undergraduate and graduate students." Should schools neglect to regard this duty, they

will not only fail to discharge their full obligation for the total war effort, but they will forsake the very function for which they were created: to develop qualities of leadership and to provide effective education to meet the needs of technical, scientific and other professional services.

Never have our centers of higher education so felt the imperative urgency to produce both quantity and quality in record time and in trying conditions. It is a call for absorbing devotion and for the highest skill in administration. It is a time to keep the physical and mental health at top standard, to serve with strenuous yet controlled effort, with sacrifice of individual whim and comfort and the best contribution of our ideals and our potentialities.

War has asked much of our schools. It takes no prophet to see we shall be better for the providential experience.



## FROM WAR TO PEACE

CLAUSEWITZ, century-old mentor of Germanic strategy, taught his people that "war is the continuation of politics." The doctrine adds to diplomacy the threat of war if the foreigner does not yield.

We are today fighting this doctrine and its *Herrenvolk* concept of racial superiority. The world is large enough for all peoples to be free.

But while we war, our ears cannot help hearing the rampant voices of local politicians who make the war a road to their advancement. A few of them are constantly on the stump, making partisan argument out of the simplest fact of war, namely, that war leads to peace. We are fighting for peace.

If we believe them, we imagine that when the enemy surrenders we can all safely march home and leave the world to itself. This error is childish.

Surrender of fighting forces does not bring peace. It merely terminates armed conflict.

Peace connotes a certain balanced way of life, "the tranquillity of order."

Now, we did not begin this war. We did not start the universal desolation that is going forward. But we do know well what desolation will cover the world when the war is over. And we know that we will have to make the peace when it comes. We shall have to bring back international life to some "order."

In this light it is hard to see how party spirit can growl over the principles laid down by Sumner Welles in his Memorial Day speech. As did Pius XII before him, he showed us the basis for the peace which we must create: a temporary police power; "an international tribunal to which international controversies can be referred, and in which international confidence can be safely placed"; an efficient method for *inspecting* national armaments (this is something new, yet essential to the keeping of treaties); some economic agreements to prevent autarchy and cut-throat competition; recognition of national sovereignties; the end of discrimination against "racial and religious minorities."

A partisan who condemns these principles can scarcely ask the American public to elect him to public office. They are the hope of us all, and they deserve the support of us all.

## LABOR UNREST

WITH respect to the recent and deplorable strike in the rubber industry, two observations are in order.

The first is that this strike, like almost every stoppage since Pearl Harbor, challenges the widespread assumption that organized labor is completely boss-ridden. The men who left their jobs and formed picket lines at Akron did so in open defiance of their international officers. The scandal in the rubber factories was a rank-and-file movement.

The second point to notice is that the strike was directed not against management, but against the Federal Government. It was a spontaneous protest against a decision of the War Labor Board.

It will not do to say that these men, however wrongheaded they may have been, are selfish and unpatriotic. They have not adopted the attitude of John L. Lewis, who has openly shown contempt for the Administration's anti-inflation program. They have accepted that program; they have consented to the stabilization of wages. Their leaders have convinced them that it is to labor's benefit, as well as to the benefit of the whole country, that the cost of living be kept in hand. They are not demanding more money regardless of the effect on the war economy.

Neither do they wish to impede the flow of munitions to the fighting fronts. Most of them feel very strongly about the war. They have sons and brothers on almost every battlefield in the world. Thousands of their fellow workers and union brothers are in the armed services, and they take pride in the thought that, as soldiers of production, they are serving their country, too. They would be the first to admit the truth of President Roosevelt's statement, in his telegram ordering them back to work, that strikes are a "blow against the effective prosecution of the war." Yet, despite all this, they left their jobs, left them in the face of clear commands from a Federal Agency and from their union officials not to strike. What is the explanation of this puzzling and exasperating conduct? Are those 50,000 rubber workers at Akron responsible men, or are they greedy and willful children?

The only answer that makes sense is that they are in the main responsible American workers who have been goaded to desperation and momentary insanity by the sharp rise in the cost of living. They committed the sin, unpardonable in wartime, of deserting their jobs because they felt they could no longer stand being squeezed between their stabilized pay envelopes and the sky-rocketing prices of commodities. They were tired of talk and promises. They wanted action. And, in an angry, unreasoning moment, they struck.

The only difficulty with this explanation is that statistics contradict the workers' complaints. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the cost of living advanced 21.2 per cent between August, 1939, and February of this year; whereas, during the same period, average hourly

earnings in twenty-five manufacturing industries rose 36.4 per cent. This Board is also authority for the claim that from May, 1942, to last March, weekly earnings were up 13.6 per cent, while the cost of living increased only 5.7 per cent. And the reports of the Bureau of Labor Statistics seem, in general, to bear out these figures.

In this controversy of fact, we are inclined from our own experience to believe the workers and to disbelieve the statisticians. As far as the average workingman's family is concerned (and many of them have scant regard for Margaret Sanger), the cost of living has advanced much more than twenty-one per cent, all the tables of figures in Washington notwithstanding. Of the three main family expenses—food, rent, clothing—only rent has been stabilized. The cost of clothing has advanced and food prices have risen astronomically. This is no cold, statistical matter to men like the rubber workers who have to spend thirty per cent or more of their income for food alone. That is why there are restless today, as labor is generally, and willing to risk public odium to gain relief, even to the reprehensible extent of going on strike in wartime.

There is only one solution to this growing unruliness of labor, and that is to bring prices back into line with wages. The leaders of labor realize this. They do not want wage increases which will temporarily alleviate the hardships of workers only by touching off a disastrous inflationary spiral. But they cannot control the rank and file much longer. The Akron strike is a warning of what lies ahead unless the Government takes swift and effective action to control the cost of living.

## SAVE THE CHILDREN

GO into a school playground in Holland, France, Belgium, Norway, and the silence falls like a dead weight upon you. There is no laughter, no cheerful clamor of childish voices. The children are too weak to play, too weak even to talk. They sit and stare with vacant, hungerworn eyes into a future that holds only more hunger and more suffering. They have forgotten childhood's joys; they have no past, no future, no memory, no hope.

Yet is upon these that the future of Europe must be built. If they do not survive, Europe may perish. Their parents see them wasting away under their eyes. Try to talk about the day of deliverance, about the Four Freedoms, to a man who is seeing his child dying by inches before his eyes.

Yet the elements of the problem are very simple. The Swedish Government stands ready to supply the ships. The money is already here, in foreign credits. The food is in South America, more than we can possibly bring to the United States for our own use. The experience of relief agencies in Greece has satisfied both Washington and Whitehall that the task can be done without helping the enemy. And meantime, children are dying of starvation. Here is an inescapable problem for every Christian.

## FACING THE INQUISITOR

IF you have attended a few war movies, a thought is sooner or later apt to come into your head. "How would I myself behave if I had to face those terrible tribunals? Would I act like a hero? Would I get confused and begin to grovel; or would I electrify the bystanders by my courageous bearing and my historic replies?"

Then I get thinking how carefully I should prepare myself if I knew I were going to be interrogated tomorrow. I would analyze the minds of my inquisitors, I would think up all possible answers, and then—and then—and what?

Just that perplexity weighed upon the thoughts of the very first persons who had to face the enemies of the Christian Faith. The first disciples of Jesus Christ had no precedents to go by—except the precedent of the Saviour Himself, and the heroes of the Old Testament.

Naturally, therefore, they would have to prepare still more carefully, and they probably discussed the matter anxiously among themselves. Imagine, then, their amazement when the Saviour told them they were not to be thinking up all kinds of answers; they were not to be thinking up any answers at all. The Holy Spirit, He instructed them, would put the answers directly into their mouths. And the answer inspired by the Holy Spirit would be effective. In time of trial, the Holy Spirit would speak through them, as Christ Himself would speak if He were on trial. In time of peace, the same Spirit would teach them, reminding them of His life and actions. "He will teach you all things, and bring to your mind whatever I have said to you." (Saint John, xiv, 26.)

So the answer is plain to our initial question. If, through some turn of events—say as a prisoner of war—I were to find myself in the position of one of the early Christians, facing anti-Christian persecutors, I, too, would need to recall the Saviour's directions, would need to rely upon the Holy Spirit, and waste no time thinking up fine speeches.

In my daily argument with a world which either denies Christ or has never heard of Christ—which has lost even the outer periphery of His teachings—I do need to think up the answers, and study them very carefully. But this does not contradict the idea of the *dabitur vobis*. The principle still remains that after I have done all my work to make Christ known to my fellow man, it is the Spirit, and He alone, who can make my words sound *real* and bring with them conviction of "justice," and of "judgment," and of "sin."

Simple as their language appears to us today, the Holy Spirit gave unearthly resonance to the phrases of Saint John or Saint James, in their Epistles, or to the words of the early Christians.

This is why today we need to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit in quite a special manner. As Catholics, if we fully know our Faith, we have the answers. But we must implore the Spirit of God and seek His blessing if those answers are to remain more than words and are to reach the hearts and minds of men.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## CATHOLIC ACTION IN THE LIBRARY

PAULA KURTH

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OPEN shelves invite the browser, comfortable chairs urge him to linger, and sunlight filters pleasantly through Venetian-shaded windows. We are in the Van Antwerp Library, a Catholic circulating library in the heart of downtown Detroit, one of the largest of its kind in the country.

Nine years ago, the assets of this library were a shelf of borrowed books and lots of good will. Two Detroit girls, Ruth Gerbig and Lillian Howard, initiated it as a Sodality project. Now it is a successful organization which carries itself and includes some 5,000 book titles, a wonderful instance of what Catholic lay Action can achieve. It is a member of the National Catholic Library Association, and in 1937 received the Papal blessing from Pope Pius XI.

"It is your high mission as a Catholic Library," wrote Archbishop Mooney to the Van Antwerp Library, "to make better known the splendid Catholic contribution to world thought that grows from day to day through the work of contemporary Catholic scholars." Naturally, Catholic titles greatly predominate on its shelves. But the books stocked are not exclusively Catholic though, as Mary Schutz, one of the librarians, says, "all must measure up to a rigid norm of Catholic principles." Whatever worthwhile books can make the grade are welcome: *See Here*, *Private Hargrove*, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and *Education for Freedom* hobnob with *The Shining Tree*, *Pageant of the Popes* and *Celestial Homespun*. The fields include fiction, biography, travel, social science, poetry, art and the essay, philosophy, especially psychology, apologetics, ascetical and devotional literature.

Ascetical and devotional literature! Do lay folk go in for those to any extent? It seems they do. Tanqueray's *The Spiritual Life* seldom stays on the shelf, and the same goes for Garrigou-Lagrange's *Christian Perfection and Contemplation*. A steady favorite is Archbishop Goodier's *Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ*; and everything by Father Faber, Father Leen and Père Plus is much called for. Newman circulates mostly in the selections arranged in *Heart to Heart*. The Saints, too, it is pleasant to discover, are still in fashion—especially such old standbys as Saint Alphonsus and Saint Francis de Sales. Saint John of the Cross and

Saint Teresa don't gather much dust either for, somehow, mystics have a special appeal. People don't take out just one such book either, as would be the case if they were simply curious; they come back for them again and again. They usually start with something rather simple and "work up to them." And business and professional men are among the most avid.

What else do business men read? I inquired. They like biography, especially conversion stories such as John Moody's, and lawyers fairly eat up Sargent's *Thomas More*. They are interested, too, in H. V. Morton's *In the Steps of the Master* and *In the Steps of St. Paul*; and, just as you would guess, take to mystery thrillers for relaxation.

Indeed, biography follows close on the heels of fiction as a general favorite and indicates the present trend towards serious reading. Books like *Damien the Leper*, *The Reed and the Rock*, *So Falls the Elm Tree*, and anything on Mother Seton are particularly wanted. Father Leonard Feeney's *An American Woman* continues his second most asked-for book, the first being *Fish on Friday*. *The Family That Overtook Christ*, which is the best seller on the Catholic lists this year, may be classed as biography, too, though the form is fictional. Another biography by the same author, *The Man Who Got Even with God*, is, incidentally, the second most widely circulated book in the history of the Library—the first is the *Autobiography of the Little Flower*. Fictional biographies are an excellent build-in to more solid biographies, I was told; and if a reader once gets interested in something besides fiction, his taste seems to mature and his choice becomes more and more discriminating.

Because of the War, travel books about lands once considered remote are greatly in demand, while those concerned with certain phases of it, such as Chaplain Maguire's *Rig for Church*, Colonel Romulo's *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines* and Houselander's *This War Is the Passion* are practically never in. A greater global consciousness has something to do, too, with the increasing interest in mission books. Americans are growing up spiritually and becoming mission-minded, and Father Considine's *Across a World*, Alma Savage's *Dog-sled Apostles* and Father Edwards' novels are all helping in the growing-up process.

Historical evaluations—like Belloc's—of certain movements are in steady rather than marked demand; and there is not so much interest in books on rebuilding the world as might be expected. As for essays, they seem pretty much out for the duration: they are endemic to leisured times. The same is more or less true of poetry except when something like *The White Cliffs* comes along, or if a poet is already known on other counts, like Joyce Kilmer.

The noon hour is the busiest time at the Van Antwerp Library. Then workers from nearby offices dash in to exchange books while on their way to lunch. And the doors stay open until six to accommodate those who prefer to come on their way home. Women downtown shopping are apt to drop by any time to pick up not only, say, *The House on Humility Street* or a Dinnis or Dudley favorite for themselves, but something for Junior to read, too.

Yes, the Library has a Juvenile section which wins the hearty approval of young visitors—some of them, on very best behavior, are even parked there while their mothers go off to tend unfinished errands. I was delighted to learn that, besides many charming new books for children which the Pro Parvulis Book Club is successfully popularizing, Father Finn still holds his place in young hearts. And I was surprised and cheered that the youngsters, on being asked the type of stories they wanted, replied, "The lives of the Saints"—no less! *Six O'Clock Saints* and *Gay Legends of the Saints* are among those helping to fill the bill. For secular reading, just like other boys and girls, they prefer adventure tales and mysteries too. On Saturdays, the children have a special treat when story hours are held for age groups 4-8 and 8-12. People who cannot come in for books may request them by phone, and what they choose will be mailed to them.

Across the room from the book-shelves and autographed photos of such distinguished Catholic writers as Monsignor Sheen, Father James J. Daly and Helen C. White, stands a wide mantel and a man-sized magazine-rack that holds about a hundred current Catholic magazines, including a Braille edition of the *Catholic Digest*. And a few outstanding copies on a little table by the door catch the eye of even the most hurried visitor. No stone is left unturned if turning it will help form the Catholic mind and character and make people more at ease in the Church. Mary Perkins' book, *At Your Ease in the Catholic Church*, by the way, was very popular when it came out, and still circulates a good bit.

The Van Antwerp Library, besides its books, has one of the largest pamphlet collections in America. "Approximately 100,000 pamphlets are stocked," says Miss Schutz, "with more than 3,500 different titles, published by eighty-six presses throughout the United States, England and Ireland." From these are supplied, at cost, over 400 parishes, sodalities, study clubs and schools, not to mention a great number of individuals. And orders have come in from thirty different States. What an astonishingly

large selection, dressed in attractive covers and, since the pamphlet is specially adapted to a generation that reads as it runs, what a huge turnover! Pamphlets about everything you could imagine: doctrinal points, labor problems, the liturgy and company-keeping (this last subject far and away the most popular)! Nor are the children forgotten; carefully prepared little booklets, priced within reach of their pockets, give the ABCs of Faith, First Communion prayers, brief lives of holy people, etc. Those by Father Lord, with their brightly colored pictures, fill a particular need. Newest on the pamphlet list, of course, are pamphlets for service men. Thousands bought from the Library by the National Council of Catholic Women have been sent to our soldiers and sailors in camps and at battle stations abroad.

The Van Antwerp librarians can give expert practical advice on lay pamphlet-rack tending as well as on setting up and running a library. Other services they offer are the free distribution of the monthly Catholic best-seller lists and the preparation of reviews of worthwhile books for several local neighborhood papers. They take subscriptions for magazines and any of the Catholic book clubs, and order books for pleased customers. They were asked to order quite a surprising number of the four-volume sets of Father Farrell's *The Companion to the Summa*.

Rental fees for adult books are three cents a day—one cent for juvenile—and there are no membership dues for anyone or any charge at all to those who wish to use the Library as a reference- or reading-room. The doors are open to everybody, with no questions asked as to personal faith. A number of non-Catholics do take out books regularly, even a few non-Catholic clergymen. Perhaps some among them, through reading, may find their way into the Church like Francis Barnum, the famous Jesuit missionary, who first got interested by reading a copy of *The Faith of Our Fathers*, which landed at his feet when a fellow-passenger on a ship threw it out of a cabin door.

Certain it is that the demand for religious books is reaching an all-time high in this country. This spring, for instance, we celebrated the first nationwide Religious Book Week; and for months we have witnessed the phenomenon of a book on Lourdes among the top best-sellers in the general field, a book which is now being syndicated in the papers. The sale of religious books is sky-rocketing, with laymen as the principal buyers—and again I am speaking of the general field as recently reported in the *Publishers' Weekly*. "Everything from the Bible to the so-called inspirational novel" seems to be in demand; while a spokesman from one of our larger public libraries tells of many people asking for books to help them "evaluate the different religious beliefs."

In the midst of this awakened interest, the Catholic library has a job of its own to do. Not for it the pitiful necessity of evaluating different religious beliefs. Rather it must help preserve the savor of the salt—and leave the latchstring out for every passerby.



# BOOKS

## PEACE-PLAN SHELF

U. S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown and Co. \$1.50

TAKE a good look at the title of this compact little book because you are going to hear more about it as the days and weeks go by. By reason of its clarity, its logic, its sure grasp of the fundamentals of power politics, as well as by its brilliant expository style, *U. S. Foreign Policy* is a notable book. But it is even more notable by reason of its challenging thesis, for that thesis may well become the foundation of American policy after this war.

Mr. Lippmann begins his argument by showing that the fundamental principle of a wise foreign policy consists in balancing commitments and power. The Founding Fathers, he maintains, knew this very well, and the reason why we have been forced, unprepared, into two major wars, and why we failed to make a durable peace after one of them, is because we have departed from their ways. Our foreign policy has been insolvent for the past half-century because our commitments have outrun our intelligence and willingness to organize the power to secure them. This has come about through our naive confidence in a number of "mirages": the assumption that peace and not security is the true goal of foreign policy; that disarmament is practical in this imperfect world; that to avoid alliances with other nations is an authentic part of the American tradition, and a wise policy in itself; and that collective security is workable, as Woodrow Wilson believed, without a solid core of alliances among great powers whose vital interests are complementary.

If we are to have security after this war and not again to expose the Republic to deadly peril, we must disown these aberrations and return to the realistic habits of thought of Washington, Jefferson and Madison. We must never again disarm, and we must cast about for allies whose power added to our own will ensure that our foreign commitments can be kept without deadly risk to the nation.

What are these commitments? In the Atlantic, there is the Monroe Doctrine; in the Pacific, the Philippines and the independence and integrity of China. Or to put the matter in more contemporary terms, both the Atlantic and Pacific approaches to this continent are vital interests which must be safeguarded at all costs. Now the Atlantic basin will never be secure until we have a firm alliance with Great Britain, since no European power can break into this lake as long as Britain stands. The Pacific, on the other hand, will not be safe until we come to an understanding with Russia, since Russia, our nearest neighbor across the North Pacific, will be in a position after this war to challenge our commitments in the Orient.

Therefore, Mr. Lippmann concludes, to establish our security after the power of Japan and Germany has been broken, and to assure an orderly world, the United States must enter into an alliance with both Britain and Russia. Then, and then only, will our commitments and power be in balance, with a little extra on the safe side.

The author is aware that this geopolitical thinking will strike the average reader as pretty brutalistic stuff. And so he hastens to add—and how fortunate for his purpose—that enlightened self-interest will compel the Allies to guarantee to small nations a regime of liberty and law. Although he argues this point brilliantly and persuasively, the small nations may be pardoned if they remind a professed realist that history by no means gives assurance that the self-interest of great nations will always be enlightened. And what the Poles and

Lithuanians will say when they learn that their nations are "fragments" of the ancient Russian Empire will make Mr. Lippmann's ears ring right merrily and send him headlong back to his history books.

But if the peoples of the world are so weary and so morally bankrupt when the day of peace dawns that they cannot take the power out of power politics, then this blueprint of the shape of things to come is as good as we can expect to get. In that event, the sooner we start to work on it the better. And the sooner we let the small nations know exactly what they can expect from us, the better, too. Otherwise they may go on believing in the Atlantic Charter.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

## MAKING GOOD NEIGHBORS

THE LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$4.50

IT was a brave venture for Professor Bemis to essay a volume on our national policy toward Latin America. His qualifications in American diplomatic history, first established when he won the Knights of Columbus History Prize with his *Jay's Treaty* in 1923, would seem to entitle him to speak with authority on all problems of our external political relations. And the *Diplomatic History of the United States*, together with his editions of State Papers and his numerous articles on allied topics, enforce a widespread respect for his opinions.

Latin America, however, presents particular difficulties in this field, so much so that on several basic points the scholars enjoy singular disagreement. This fact comes home clearly in a review of Bemis' current effort by his own colleague, Hubert Herring, in the *New York Times* for May 16, 1943. Herring, whatever his success may be in writing of our neighbors to the South, possesses considerable competence in the over-all story, and his review, though couched in gentle terms, quite plainly tasks Professor Bemis with departing from the "beam" in statements such as "Yankee-phobia has now been dissipated." The general point is certainly well taken. Indeed the present writer has yet to find agreement on a number of vexatious questions in our dealings with our sister republics.

This volume compresses the entire story into twenty-three short chapters, obviously in a move calculated to furnish a handy guide to the student of today who is pressed for ready knowledge of an insistent topic. Bemis strikes a fine balance of judgment, and his restraint, his evident fairness and lack of axe-grinding commend him at once as a sound guide, particularly when his general command of United States diplomacy is kept in mind. In this his writing reminds one of an earlier account of the same matter from the South American viewpoint, Garcia-Merou's *Historia Diplomática de América*, a dispassionate appraisal of our activities as told by the Argentine Ambassador to Washington from 1896 to 1904. In lighter style *Free Men of America*, by Ezequiel Padilla, today sounds the same note. All three men see our international influence in a friendly light, and their attitude enables them to set forth the positive features of our activity, relegating to a secondary position the failures and faults of narrower periods and improperly motivated actors.

Thus, to Bemis, the Monroe Doctrine was the "perfect union of interest and ideal." It preserved Latin America during very trying situations, and at the same time it operated to protect our own national safety. His readiness to call the Panama affair "the one really black

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mark" in our Latin-American policy raises a double query: "was it really black, and was it the one black mark?" From the facts, this reviewer is disinclined to agree with the stated position, especially from the summary attention given in the text to Theodore Roosevelt. Those famous words—"I took it; you can't nail currant jelly to a wall"—were spoken in 1915, and should not be interpreted in the spirit of 1943.

If Bemis gives preponderant space to the years from 1895 to 1942, surely he has justification in the tremendous necessity of understanding the contemporary problems and the attitudes of present-day statesmen in the matter of Latin America. Less reason would seem to warrant his weak geographical introduction. Now and then his notes indicate a somewhat inadequate bibliography, as, for example, in the omission of Schmitz on Texas and Lockmiller on our Caribbean interventions. The book, however, has so many merits of evidence and objectivity that it will undoubtedly win a place among the "must" literature on Latin America.

W. EUGENE SHIELS

## STRATEGY FOR VICTORY

WE CAN WIN THIS WAR. By Col. W. F. Kernan.

Little, Brown and Co. \$1.50

TRUE strategy is the antithesis of the "super-duper, ridiculous nonsense of global warfare." Such is the conviction argued with vehemence and meticulous reasoning by Col. Kernan, a military writer who pulls no punches wheresoever they may be aimed. Though he may not induce general reader assent and must surely strike sparks off numerous brass hats, he does sustain avid reader interest.

He urges speedy concentrated action pointed directly against the vitals of our enemies with the design of throwing the Axis off axis. By dispersion of our forces in mere tactical operations on a major scale at widely separated points on the periphery of the Nazi-Jap world, we are playing the cards laid out by our opponents and needlessly, perhaps dangerously, postpone decisive victory. Furthermore, with our strategy built upon Prussian fundamentals of warfare, borrowed long ago, we play with a marked deck the Axis can read card-for-card and properly counter.

This system of complete mathematical calculation regarding numerical force, equipment and tactical disposition would attempt to foreordain the outcome of any engagement by mass superiority alone, a paper-and-pencil war that tries to eliminate the element of risk. Against it, Col. Kernan aligns the bold-stroke, risk-defying system of Napoleon and Foch, which he espouses as true strategy. This subordinates mathematics to the strategic end of throwing the enemy irremediably off balance. On that basis, he says, Italy should have been attacked in full force without delay, but opposed to such action was "the curse of all armies"—Administration, "the paunch that walks like a man, the belly that is sometimes mistaken for a warrior."

Be that as it may, Col. Kernan stands unassailable in a heart-warming final chapter, indicative of this man who once taught medieval philosophy at Harvard and more lately became a convert to the Church. "To win this war, the Cross must be placed once more in our hearts, we must take leave forever of ease and softness and self-indulgence in our homes as well as in our wars." Faith in God we need above all. We cannot, like Hitler, neglect the Holy Ghost and "as we advance the colors against the New Paganism, let us repeat the Credo of the Ancient Christendom." Col. Kernan may be right or wrong on military strategy, but he does know and profess the truest strategy of all for victory.

NATHANIEL W. HICKS

COMBINED OPERATIONS. The Official Story of the Commandos. By Hilary St. George Saunders. The Macmillan Co. \$2

A PREVIOUS journalistic account of the raids on Vaagso, and two of the Dieppe raid, although in some respects



fuller, do not reveal the clear detail given here of those operations. This volume is therefore necessary as an accurate tale of the operations of those raiding soldiers known as Commandos, and their operations in connection with the air and navy elements of the British fighting services. It is replete with heroic incidents. It patterns each operation, with maps and phrase, so as to make an understandable record. Although it is stated that certain elements are not now made public for reasons of secrecy, the narratives here given are adequate enough by any reasonable standards. Specialists like more detail. Journalists might add more vivid color. But these accounts will suffice. The book belongs on any shelf, however short, of books on the war. ELBRIDGE COLBY

KANSAS IRISH. By Charles B. Driscoll. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

CANDID, funny, strangely reverent, this story of the Driscoll family by the youngest son, is at once attractive and repellent. Big Flurry, the father, is the cause of both. He is a gigantic, hard-working, roaring seafarer who comes to America, marries an American-born Irish girl and settles down to farming in arid Kansas.

He was a good farmer and a poor husband and father. He did not understand his children; his wife, who married him without love, never understood him. He ends by taking the two thousand dollars they managed to get together, and going back to Ireland, leaving wife and children apparently for good.

That is not very pleasant, but Mr. Driscoll tells it quite unblushingly; indeed, he has a deep sympathy for the poor, baffled giant who never could be an American. This element in the family saga aside, the book teems with homey, brilliant vignettes of farm life, of house parties and work, of school days and visiting relatives. It is a brilliant re-creation of American life, and between the chapters, little aside summaries are masterpieces of impression.

The book is vulgar as can be in spots—not obscene, but vulgar, as Big Flurry's language was. Unfortunately, though mother and children practised their Faith, it seems to have been more than a little superstitious. It is not the story of a typical home, thank God, but for a picture of a divided one, brilliantly and not at all resentfully written, it is a fine piece of work.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

FANTASTIC INTERIM. By Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.50

THERE are periods in history when it is difficult not to write satire. There are other periods when it is unnecessary to write satire: when succinct factual reportage and verbatim quotation leave Juvenal at the starting post. Such a period was our yesterday, and in *Fantastic Interim* Mr. Henry Morton Robinson builds up a devastating caricature of American civilization between Versailles and Pearl Harbor by a series of conscientious verbal photographs.

Tracing the hidden significant connections between seemingly disparate phenomena is a mental exercise necessarily unpopular in an age in which the representative philosophers ignore the real existence of the metaphysical order, and in which the masses ignore the existence of philosophers. Mr. Robinson is therefore to be congratulated both on his perspicacity and his intellectual courage in demonstrating the fatal unity into which integrated, between 1919 and 1941, Marathon dances and tree-sitting contests, the political and economic maxims of Calvin Coolidge, the rise of juvenile delinquency, beauty culture, the novels of Mr. Hemingway, boogie-woogie, technological unemployment, neutrality legislation, advertising ballyhoo, and the conquest of Europe in ten weeks by a horde of mechanized throwbacks to the Bronze Age.

Mr. Robinson's diagnosis does not cut as deeply as it might—to the theological understructure of that modern world-view of which our American civilization is but an extreme manifestation on the plane of history. He does not tell us that an age which had started from the as-

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The main weakness in nearly all planning for the organization of peace is failure to see the real nature and essential elements of the problem. Making a strong and lasting peace does not depend on the invention of a new constitution for the human race, but on recognition of membership in that historic and organic community of nations—that "great republic" as Voltaire called it—which has its roots in old Christendom and forms a common moral and political order.

"Wherever," writes Mr. Hoffman, "men are taught by their schools, their churches, and their books that their political and religious institutions have roots running back to Europe, to Rome, to Athens, to Jerusalem, there is the great community. Wherever there is a decent respect for the dignity of man simply *as man*, there is the great community and there its distinctive norms may be seen. Wherever political societies neither deify themselves nor affirm their own exclusive interests to be of absolute value; and wherever *their test of membership* is neither blood nor religious creed, but acceptance of civic duty, profession of allegiance and recognition of common law, there is the community."

How to organize it harmoniously and in accord with the principles of its being, that is the problem confronting the architects of an intelligently-built peace. Mr. Hoffman is a *historian*, not a politician, a prophet or a demagogue. He writes in the spirit of Burke, Montesquieu and the great traditions of political thought. In *THE GREAT REPUBLIC* he presents a strictly historical account of the *changing forms* of international political society from the Roman Empire to medieval Christendom, to the modern European state-system and its worldwide expansion, to the French Revolution, the Concert of Europe, the League of Nations, the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations.

The book is brief because it is composed in a language that is *almost surgically precise* in fitting words to historical realities. "We must," says this historian, "review the past experience of our world and seek to discover from history what kind of world it really is."

"It has never been more urgent that we ask ourselves what political community is, and what we mean when we speak of *nations* and international society. We must gain some right conception of how we came to be what we are. We must read our own nature. We must strive to explain our failures to organize *enduring institutions* for peace, and history alone provides the answers to these great questions. If we find them and if we are given *another chance to rebuild* the world, we may proceed to that task with greater wisdom and therefore with greater possibility of success."

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sumption that man may become God by acting as if he were God was fated to proceed to the discovery that man is the descendant of monkeys, and to destroy itself by the antics of men behaving as if they were monkeys. But do not let us carp at Mr. Robinson for not doing what he did not propose to do; we must thank him for doing soundly and brilliantly what he did. He has provided the general reader with a wholesome and entertaining essay in debunking the American national vice, which is pride, and the philosophic critic of the last years of Modernity with a "must" handbook of excellently edited case-histories.

EUGENE BAGGER

**YOUNG LADY RANDOLPH.** By René Kraus. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50

THIS picture of the "life and times of Jennie Jerome, the American mother of Winston Churchill," is decidedly enjoyable. In the language of today, she "had everything." Beauty, brains and tact, not to mention a millionaire father, insured her instant success as a New York debutante, smoothed her path as the wife of an English peer, and helped her husband's political aspirations, and her own social ambitions. She did everything well, she skated and danced beautifully, she rode superbly, her taste in dress and furnishings was instinctive and unerring, her talent as a musician undeniable. Title-loving Americans of her generation must have envied her romantic marriage to the Duke of Marlborough's younger son, her friendships with the Czar of Russia, the unfortunate Empresses, Eugénie of France and Elizabeth of Austria, the Prince of Wales and countless other famous people. She herself held unofficial court in London for twenty-five years after her marriage, years devoted to her husband's political career and physical welfare. In pursuing the one and safeguarding the other she was untiring.

There is little mention of her sons in the book. She bore them, placed them in schools, launched them on political careers, but we gather the impression that her brilliant, erratic husband was her first love and first consideration. Perhaps Mr. Kraus found her much more interesting as the belle of New York and London, and as a wife than as a mother. Nevertheless, this biography presents a fascinating picture of the last years of the Victorian era and contributes an enlightening background for the portrait of England's great Prime Minister.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

**SOPHIE HALENCZIK, AMERICAN.** By Rose Feld. Little, Brown and Co. \$2

SOPHIE is a little Czech lady who came to America as a widow and settled in Connecticut with her children. Once a week she comes to clean the house of an amiable American Madame. In pleasant dialog with this Madame, we learn the story of Sophie's Slav character, dialect, wisdom and ways. Each chapter is a story in itself, and each one is amusing. You can know the flavor and kind of this book by realizing that most of the stories in it first appeared in the *New Yorker*, a magazine written by children for adults. The book is light and wholesome, except that the author touches on illegitimacy with "the genial composure of custom." In such things of life, you can't have it both ways; else you become a sophisticated little girl who tries to be so casual about the sad wrong of illegitimacy that she makes a high point of it, incorrectly thinking that it is a literary source of daring, spice, sparkle and alarm.

THOMAS B. FEENEY

**NATHANIEL W. HICKS** is a journalist whose particular interest lies in the field of current events.

**ELBRIDGE COLBY** is stationed at the School of Military Government at the University of Virginia.

**EUGENE BAGGER**, living in the Bahamas, is the author of *For the Heathen Are Wrong*. His next book is promised soon.



# MUSIC

TRADITION is one of the basic misunderstandings in the musical life of today. The critics have been writing about it for years. They have told us that our opera and symphony performances were not traditional, and could not be compared to those given at Bayreuth or Salzburg. I feel that we should not accept second-hand European traditions, but we should make our own—first hand. There is certainly nothing wrong with adherence to tradition if you are sure of what it means; it is blind admiration for meretricious traditions that is objectionable.

After sitting through many performances during the past season, I have frequently been astonished to see the public give complete acclaim and applause to second- and third-rate performances of opera and ballet designed mainly for financial gain, with cheap staging and costumes that were not even clean in appearance. The public encourages these standards by attending and giving their approval.

The great personalities who contributed to the development of music in Europe did not bother to follow traditional lines. The late Gustav Mahler pointed to tradition as the lazy man's excuse for not thinking for himself. However, in America we hear a great deal about it, but it is soon forgotten in favor of showmanship, or a sparkling personality backed by a well-planned publicity campaign.

We have lost the ability to produce certain traditional musical ideas that the composers desired. For instance—the role of Violetta in *La Traviata*, or Gilda in *Rigoletto*, was originally not sung by a coloratura soprano, because this type of voice did not exist. The dramatic soprano took the coloratura roles, and she was expected as a matter of course to have the ability to sing the light coloratura passages. If we look at the original scores of Verdi, they do not contain the embellishments and notes above the high C that are sung in America today by the coloratura sopranos, Lily Pons and Josephine Antoine. These cadenzas have been added to fit the special capabilities and showmanship of these two singers. These additions are accepted—but what about tradition?

We hear Bach's *Passion According to Saint Matthew* performed by a chorus of several hundred voices, and a large orchestra. Bach intended the *Passion* for the Saint Thomas Church in Leipzig, where there is not space for more than a handful of singers.

At the end of Micaela's aria in the third act of *Car-men*, practically all sopranos put in a high B flat, which is an invention that was not written in the score by Bizet. This B flat in this particular spot and mood is tasteless, but it is almost impossible to persuade any soprano to sing the original D, for fear that the omission of the high note will show up her lack of ability and her showmanship.

It is useless to try to perform the Wagner operas in the style of Bayreuth and, even if it were possible, one has to add the question, "In the style of which Bayreuth?" The conductors Richard Strauss and Karl Muck were never given directions as to how the Bayreuth management wished Wagner's works interpreted. A performance conducted by Strauss generally ran thirty minutes longer than one conducted by Muck.

Tradition is reborn with each generation and, sometimes, one may say with each great personality. To regard it as something permanent is erroneous. We can present the great master works only by trying to grasp their lasting spirit with the means that we know. Most of the world's great artists are in America today, and they know the great musical traditions. There is certainly no excuse for mediocre presentations.

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**JUNE'S THEATRE PLANS.** It would be premature to write about the season's dramatic record as a whole when the season promises to be as busy in June as it was in January, and even to extend through the summer. We are assured that June alone will bring us seven new plays, and the producers seem justified in their hopes that July and August may show us as many. Thousands of New Yorkers who usually leave the city are now planning to remain here all summer because they will not have gasoline for their cars in the country. They expect to be amused and interested here. The theatres will be their most promising source of entertainment, so the theatres are getting ready.

The attractions promised for June are revivals, as well as new plays. The revivals are *The Student Prince*, *The Vagabond King*, and a whole repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The first new plays definitely scheduled are *Early to Bed*, a musical comedy by George Marion, Jr. and Thomas Waller, and *Those Endearing Young Charms*, a straight comedy by Edward Chodorov. Toward the middle of the month, Mr. John Golden will offer a try-out performance of the prize-winning plays submitted at his invitation by our soldiers. These plays have not only been written, but will be acted, directed and the sets planned by the boys from our metropolitan camp areas. Every theatregoer will want to see them, and the chances are that they are good enough for a run—which will certainly be given them if they interest their first audience. A coming melodrama has the alluring title *Murder Without Crime*, and there is to be a Negro folk-play, *Run, Little Chillun*.

We shall have to get along without *Uncle Harry*, which has finally ended its New York engagement after a run of more than a year. Miss Le Gallienne and Mr. Joseph Schildkraut are to have a nice summer rest, certainly well deserved, and then take the play out on the road for another triumphant year or two, beginning September twenty-third. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney will also have a long summer vacation from *Life with Father*, while Muriel Kirkland and Harry Bannister try to make us forget them.

*Blithe Spirit* will close early in June, but will return on Labor Day with its present cast. Then, unless New Yorkers insist on keeping it on our stage for another year or so (and I should think they would), it, too, will give Americans outside of New York a chance to see not only a fine play but some almost unequaled acting of a leading role. *Arsenic and Old Lace* will continue its New York run with only one or two slight changes in the cast. There will be unimportant changes in the cast of *Angel Street*. Miriam Hopkins has taken over Tallulah Bankhead's role in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, while Conrad Nagel and Viola Frame replace Mr. and Mrs. March.

On the other hand, most of the leading successes of the present season will continue to cheer us on our way. *Janie*, a comedy which opened last autumn, is expected to run all summer. So are *Kiss and Tell*, *Oklahoma*, and *The Doughgirls*. Helen Hayes will take a six-weeks vacation from *Harriet*, during which no other actress will have the courage to attempt her role. The theatre must close. John Golden is optimistic enough to think that *Three's a Family* can run all summer, and I hope he is right.

*The Corn is Green* goes on through the heat with Ethel Barrymore, who is certainly all it needs. *The Patriots*, our current prize winner, as well as *Tomorrow the World*, will continue as long as the public wants them, which will probably be indefinitely. *Stars on Ice* is to have a six-weeks vacation, and then come on fresh and new, and *Rosalinda* is still going strong without a rest.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**CONEY ISLAND.** Twentieth Century-Fox has conjured up a new musical framework for the usual romantic triangle. Such extravaganzas originate only in the brains of cinema artists and any resemblance, in this case, to the things they attempt to recreate is not even coincidental. New York's famous playground back in the early 1900's is the scene of the story, but its real purpose is to serve as a locale for Betty Grable to dance and sing, Cesar Romero and George Montgomery, after some rough-and-tumble doings, become co-owners of a honky tonk where Miss Grable is the chief attraction. True to moviedom's tradition, she has a meteoric rise from a Coney Island beer garden to Hammerstein's Victoria while her complicated affairs of the heart get straightened out. Many old-time musical favorites like *Darktown Strutter's Ball* and *Cuddle Up a Little Closer* are scattered among several new tunes and lead up to a finale that outglitters all Hollywood's past expressions of grandeur. Certainly, Broadway of Hammerstein's day never saw the like. While the piece has a sometimes engaging frothiness and is escapist stuff, *objection* must be made to the injection of suggestive dances. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

**MR. BIG.** Jitterbugs and jive hold most of the spotlight as a group of young actors take over the affairs of a dramatic school. Audiences may be a bit oversatated before the fade-out with the jazzy antics of the youngsters, but fortunately there are less violent moments, particularly songs by Gloria Jean. A plot with little substance relates how the students substitute a jive show for the school's usual classical one during the head's absence. As is expected, Broadway producers see the offering and sign up the youthful artists, saving the day for everyone. Donald O'Connor has the juvenile lead, and scores with a pleasing personality and some fine dancing and singing. Peggy Ryan entertains with her comedy song-and-dance routines. *Adults* who can take jive in their stride will find moments of pleasant lightness in this production, which is geared to younger and more acrobatic audiences. (*Universal*)

**THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.** Cinemagoers who enjoy distinguished foreign offerings will not make a mistake by including this Mexican presentation on their movie list. With a foreword by Monsignor Luis Martinez, Bishop of Mexico, the record of conflict between Spain's soldiers and the Church is unfolded. This is the story of Tepeyac, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to a simple peasant in 1531, and the miracle aided the spread of Christianity among Mexico's Indians. The scenario was written by Reverend Carlos Heredia, S.J., historian of the Shrine of Tepayec, and includes the factual record of the miracle that brought peace between the Spaniards and the Aztecs. English titles are completely satisfying in interpreting the reverent and tasteful offering. All the family will profit and be interested in this chronicle of faith and piety. (*Maya Films*)

**SONG OF TEXAS.** Lest Western addicts feel neglected in these reviews, it can be reported that Roy Rogers is back again riding high, wide and handsome and fixing things up for the girl in distress. Action, as always, and tuneful interludes characterize this horse opera. Rogers is the star of a Rodeo, and is featured in a chuck-wagon race that is the highlight of the picture. Sheila Ryan is the heroine, with Arline Judge and Barton MacLane supporting players. *Youngsters* and *oldsters* who count Westerns worthwhile will be satisfied with this one, which is at least a welcome change from the flood of war films. (*Republic*)

MARY SHERIDAN

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## CLARIFICATION

EDITOR: The Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan's lifelong battle, as priest and scholar, for social justice has been, at the same time, a contribution of incalculable value to religion. His informed and experienced judgment of the sphere within which these factors interplay designates him as one of the leaders whose utterances we have the right to command in this hour of peculiar crisis. An instalment of his obligation he has recently paid, in *Thunder on the Left* (AMERICA, May 8, 1943). Catholics who wish to escape the risk of confusing the cause of religion with that of social reaction have every reason to welcome and to ruminate this cogent document.

I should be gratified if it may have its sequel soon, to reinforce its central lesson, and to clarify obscurities inevitable in a single, short statement on issues that are involved. May I indicate one of these obscurities? Lucien Vogel, as quoted by Msgr. Ryan, names the "high clergy" among elements deemed reactionary in the countries of Europe. Msgr. Ryan, in his commentary, includes them among those of whom he is "suspicious, or at least skeptical." By the "high clergy" I understand the Catholic Bishops of Europe—the phrase as a whole leaves me at a loss. Were I Mr. Vogel, I should probably seize upon it as testimony from a source of unexceptionable competency to the soundness of my stricture on the Hierarchy. It is a notable tactic of the anti-clerical Left to attack Catholic unity along the line of fissure they seek to discover, or to create, between lower clergy and laity on the one hand, and the Episcopate on the other.

I am not of the opinion that the Catholic Hierarchy in Europe as a body are opposed to just and wise social reform; nor do I ascribe such an opinion to Msgr. Ryan. It would be of interest to have his clarification of this point.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.

EDITOR: Father Smothers' letter provides me with an opportunity to clarify a sentence which probably raised questions in the minds of other readers, as well as in his own. My comments on the quotations from the Left-wing liberals were necessarily condensed, because of the large amount of space already occupied by the quotations themselves. By the "high clergy," I decidedly did not mean "the Catholic Bishops of Europe." How could I have done so since I do not know either the political or the economic beliefs of as many as three members of that body? Indeed, I was not thinking of any living clergyman, either high or low.

In speaking of "high clergy," what I had in mind was rather certain historical types, and I assumed that such was the meaning of the phrase in Mr. Vogel's mind also. Anyone having a fair acquaintance with economic and political history can readily identify more than one of those types, or representatives thereof. These men did more or less harm to the cause of political and social justice in more than one age and country. I should not like to see duplicates of them occupying positions of power in any postwar government. Moreover, I was thinking of this hypothetical group of "high clergy" as operating not by themselves alone, but in collaboration with "the diplomatic corps and the army." That would be a pretty bad combination.

I had anticipated some misunderstanding and criticism on account of the latter part of the sentence to which Father Smothers takes exception; namely, that "finance, big industry and the large landowners" should have "only a minor role in the postwar political system." By these words, I do not mean to imply that these economic groups should have no part in the postwar

governments, but merely that they should not exercise a dominating influence. I believe that all important groups, economic, social, political and religious, should have a reasonable participation in the governments to be set up after the war. After all, that would be democracy and social justice.

In closing, I cite an editorial by Max Lerner in *PM*, May 17, as indicating the abiding importance of the main question that I raised in my piece in *AMERICA*, May 8. Doctor Lerner addresses President Roosevelt in substantially the following terms:

Mr. President, several weeks ago you defended the deal with Admiral Darlan as a matter of military necessity and having only temporary application and implications. Very well; the military and temporary exigencies have been satisfied; now the time is come when you should consider the effects of the North African policy upon the government to be established in France after the war. If you continue to support General Giraud, his associates and his ideology, you will foreclose the possibility of a genuine democratic regime in that country. On the other hand, if you now turn your back upon Giraud and throw your support to de Gaulle, you will assure the establishment of a really democratic regime in France. That is the course you should begin to follow forthwith.

This advice is very probably given on the basis of certain assumptions made by Max Lerner. One of them is that de Gaulle represents the "underground" movement in France; the other is that this movement represents adequately all the political and social elements in that country, from the extreme Left through to the extreme Right. If these assumptions—especially the latter—were valid, I should not be so fearful about the consequences of the course recommended to the President by Doctor Lerner, but I am skeptical. My impression, "hunch" or intuition, is that the underground movement is dominated by Communists, near-Communists and anti-clericals.

If I am right in this matter, then I can be a good democrat and still hope that the State Department and the President will continue to favor Giraud. What about the wishes of the French people? They are not the present issue. Of course, the French people should determine the kind of government that will be set up after the transition, but the immediate question concerns the kind of influence that shall be exerted by the military forces before the French people make their decision. Doctor Lerner thinks that this previous influence should be brought to bear by forces which I fear are Communistic, or at least anti-Christian. I prefer to see this influence exerted by the Christian (not reactionary) forces. In defending this choice, I am just as good a democrat, even just as good a liberal, as is Max Lerner.

Washington, D. C.

JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

## MINERS

EDITOR: I read with interest the article in *AMERICA* by H. C. McGinnis, *Why Miners Grow Gray*. How little we are informed of true conditions by our newspapers, and by divers articles! I hope I am not too emphatic, after reading the truth on the subject of the miners, in saying that the lot of these unfortunate people cries to Heaven. With all our so-called idealism, we allow a situation to exist which baffles description. There is a French proverb which, I think, is apropos: *Celui qui n'entend qu'une cloche n'entend qu'un son*.

New York, N. Y.

ALICE E. WARREN



## POLL-TAX

EDITOR: The Four Freedoms are quoted on countless occasions as the objectives for which the United Nations are fighting. The acid test of our sincerity along this line—which includes the political credos of other nations also—hinges on the American Congress' present treatment of the unjust, un-Christian poll-tax law. This law functions in seven Southern States (Tennessee, to her everlasting credit, has rid herself of the incubus), practically disfranchising several million citizens, white and colored, in that it is a pre-requisite to voting in Federal elections.

The injustice of this antiquated hangover from Civil War days is startling, when one realizes that it seems to be aimed at the underprivileged. These, of course, we have everywhere; but in the South the numbers are such as to mark that area, in the words of the President of the United States, as "the country's number one economic problem."

The House of Representatives has passed a bill outlawing this un-Christian, undemocratic law, the death sentence of which has been long overdue. Hitherto the electorate seems to have accepted with equanimity its periodical defeats by a partisan group of sectional Senators. Not any more! As some one has well said: "The social conscience is on the march," and one might in justice add: "thanks to the Papal Encyclicals."

It has become part of the Public Record (and therefore of history that will be passed on to, and scrutinized by, future generations) that a United States Senator, from one of the poll-tax States, has threatened that he would filibuster the bill—incredible though it sounds.

Will the Senate of the United States, in this day and age of progressive thought, in this crucial hour when the nation is fighting for its very life and democratic faith, sabotage that faith and fight by permitting the defeat of this long overdue reform? God forbid!

The Senate of the United States is indeed on the spot—with a national and world audience waiting, watching.  
Bay Pines, Fla. KATHERINE A. MOYNIHAN

## COMINTERN

EDITOR: The announcement of the dissolution of the Comintern recalls the announcement by Mr. Litvinov at the time we recognized the Soviet Government, that no longer would the Communist Party agitate in the United States. This was hailed then as a friendly move. Events since that time indicate how well that pledge was carried out. Then, in 1940, came the announcement from the Communist Party here that no longer was it under the Comintern. This was a strategic move following the enactment of the Voorhis Act, which would have required the organization to register itself and list its members as "agents of a foreign government."

The satisfaction and joy with which the latest announcement of the Comintern has been received indicate just how much credence was placed in the 1940 statement of the Communist Party here. And if the 1940 statement could not be believed, this latest statement of the Comintern should be accepted with a certain prudent reserve. The real test of the truth of the dissolution of the Comintern is this: if the Communist Party in this country is now a truly independent organization, not taking orders from the Kremlin, then the United States Government will proceed, without the slightest fear of annoying Moscow, to outlaw the Communist Party here. It will no longer tolerate, even for a moment, the activities of a group dedicated to the overthrow by force of our Government.

Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, S.J.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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## PARADE

"FATHER," said the voice on the telephone, "this is Mrs. —. I'm afraid the little old lady next door to me here is sick. She hasn't been out for a week." . . . The Pastor was alarmed. . . . The case of the little old lady in question was a strange one in a parish noted for strange cases. . . . The parish, once large and wealthy, had become small and poor. The neighborhood had "gone down." . . . While a swarm of parishioners moved away, a throng of elderly ladies, altogether dependent on their thirty dollars a month old-age-security pension, moved in. . . . The little old lady—subject of the telephone conversation—was one of this number. . . . But she seemed stranger than the others. . . . No one knew anything about her. . . . Neighbors reported she seemed stone deaf. . . . After Mass each morning, she locked herself in her tiny house and no one could gain admittance. The pastor, the curates, anxious to aid her, rang her bell, knocked on her door to no avail. . . . And now she might be dying. . . . It was raining outside. The Pastor put on his raincoat and walked over to the abode of the little old lady. He rang the bell. . . . He knocked. . . . There was no response. . . . He then called the police, and after they had broken down the door, he found the little old lady lying helplessly on a bed, still conscious but manifestly sick unto death. . . . The Pastor sent out two calls, one for a doctor, one for a curate to bring the Holy Oils and Viaticum. . . . The breathing of the little old lady was growing more and more difficult. . . . The Pastor brought his ear close to her mouth in an effort to catch any last message. . . . Her words came at lengthy intervals. . . . "In—the-trunk—yellow paper. Will—you—Father—please—do—what—it—says?" . . . The Pastor opened the trunk, found the yellow paper, read it hastily. . . . As he finished, the doctor and the curate arrived. The former, after a quick examination, indicated that the Last Sacraments should be administered without further delay. . . . The Pastor heard her confession, anointed her, gave her Viaticum, after which he held up the yellow paper and by signs made it clear that he would follow the directions therein noted. . . . A wan little smile appeared on her face. Her lips began moving, slowly, painfully. . . . "I—know—you—will—Father. It—makes—me—so—happy." . . . The yellow paper lifted the curtain on the last half of the little old lady's life. . . . Forty years before, her last relative had died and, since then, she had lived alone. . . . A consuming ambition had become the motivating force of her life. . . . Her funeral was not to have that atmosphere of loneliness produced by empty pews. . . . She scraped and saved and her nest-egg—\$700—was found by the Pastor in the bottom of the trunk. . . . The yellow paper directed the disposition of the money for her funeral. . . . Among other things, fifty dollars was set aside for a woman to impersonate her long-dead sister; another fifty for a man to represent her departed brother. . . . Four pall-bearers were to receive ten dollars each, and they were to sit in the pews by the coffin and not to vanish into the vestibule. . . . There were to be twenty mourners at five dollars each, and these mourners were to be adults and not children. . . . There were to be a Solemn Requiem Mass and a choir. . . . Unknown to the little old lady, the Pastor decided after reading the yellow paper that there would be all these things and very much more. . . .

Five days later there was an impressive funeral in the old parish. . . . Friends of the Pastor filled every pew in the church. . . . Forty-seven priests were on the altar. . . . The organ played and the choir sang and the body of the little old lady lay in the coffin near the sanctuary. Her soul had gone on ahead to a clime where it would never again know the loneliness of earth.

JOHN A. TOOMEY



# THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR MAY

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

Family That Overtook Christ—Raymond  
The Robe—Douglas  
Song of Bernadette—Werfel  
Rose Unpetaled—Morteville  
Larks of Umbria—Schimberg  
Tales from the Rectory—Kelley  
These Two Hands—Edwards  
Celestial Homespun—Burton  
Pageant of the Popes—Farrow  
Mass of Brother Michel—Kent

Close in popularity this month were: *For Heaven's Sake*—Brennan, 13 votes; *The House on Humility Street*—Doherty, 12; *Judgment of the Nations*—Dawson, 11; *This War is the Passion*—Houselander and *Pack Rat*—Kelley, each with 10. This monthly service by AMERICA gives a nationwide survey of the books that Catholics are reading.

[illegible]

One Bishop, two priests, five Catholic lay folk, one Protestant minister, one non-Catholic are represented in the best ten. Catholic reading is quite tolerant, no?

**Werfel's *Song of Bernadette*** continues near the top, after a year's run in the best ten. **Prediction:** the forthcoming film version will boost it back to number one.



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